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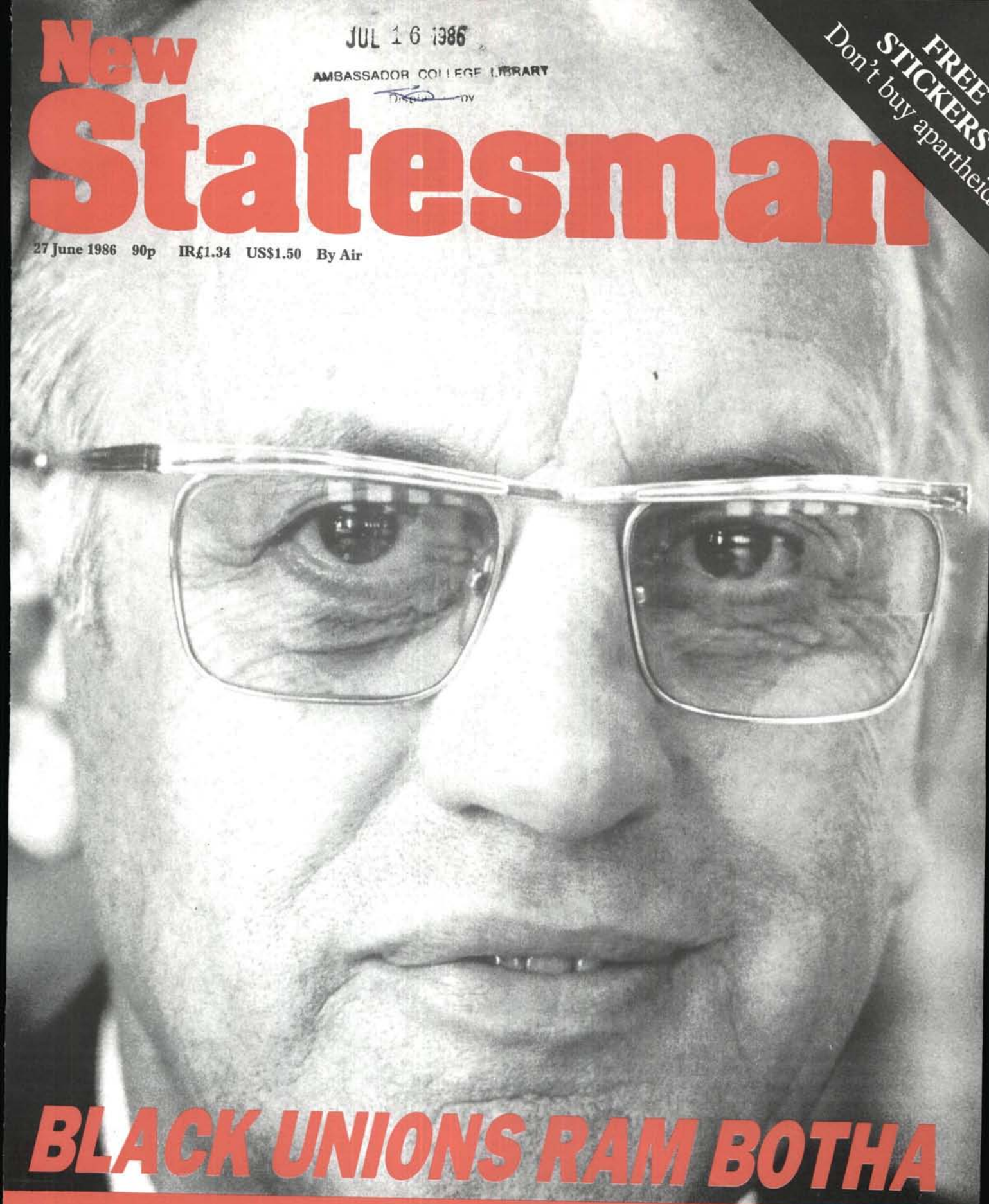

BLACK UNIONS RAM BOTHA

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DAVID EDGAR samples LA

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Keep Brussels at bay — Kill the European Union Bill

A Bill is now being pushed through Parliament by the Government without the consent of the people which, if passed, will transfer major powers over legislation and social and economic policy in the U.K. from the British electorate and Parliament to Brussels and Strasbourg. This transfer of power, and loss of British sovereignty, goes far beyond anything contemplated in the Common Market referendum of 1975. It reneges on assurances given by the Government that remaining in the Common Market would involve no further loss of self-government.

Don't give more power to the people who created these.

This Bill (The European Community Amendment Bill) would impose on this country the sweeping constitutional changes proposed in the Common Market "Single European Act", accepted by Governments in Luxembourg in February. These proposals have already been severely criticised by Select Committees of both the House of Commons and House of Lords and by independent constitutional authorities.

The Bill would deprive the British electorate and Parliament of crucial powers over their own internal affairs in the following ways:

1. The power of the EEC Council of Ministers to decide on legislation by majority voting is extended to numerous new issues. This means that the ultimate veto, promised at the time of the referendum as a last resort safeguard, is greatly weakened; and **power is given to a majority of foreign states** to legislate on internal British issues against the wishes and interests of the British people.
2. **The power of the unelected Brussels "Commission", meeting in secret to legislate without any approval by Ministers or national Parliaments, is still further extended.**
3. A new power is given to the EEC Assembly, which will be renamed the European Parliament, to amend the Commission's legislative proposals, which can then, if approved by the Commission, only be resisted by the Council of Ministers acting unanimously. In effect, in these circumstances, even the Council of Ministers could be overridden by an alliance of the Commission and Assembly in which **Britain could of course be outvoted.**
4. Up to now, the crucial restraint on EEC measures seriously damaging to Britain has been the influence of the British Parliament working through Ministers in the Council. This influence would be undermined by the new proposals. The House of Lords Select Committee concludes that **the power of UK Ministers will be weakened** in no less than five separate ways by the new procedure.
5. The Common Market's power to interfere with national policies, which we were promised would be solely economic, is extended by this special Act to include **foreign policy and even defence.**

> ***"The preamble to the Single European Act states that its motivation is to transform relations as a whole among the EEC states "into a European union . . . and to invest this union with the necessary means of action." In short, the Act is in terms directed to the establishment of a political union, something which every government (including the present one) has consistently disavowed since the UK first joined the EEC."***
>
> **Peter Horsfield QC, Leolin Prince QC**
> 'The Times', Tuesday May 6 1986

6. **The Act also declares explicitly that the aim of all this is to transform the Common Market into a "European Union", ie a super-state in which the individual countries would no longer be independent sovereign states.**
7. It is highly doubtful whether the so-called "Luxembourg Compromise" veto, devised by General de Gaulle, and repeatedly promised at the time of the referendum, could be invoked if the new Single Act is approved.

These proposals have been described by constitutional authorities as "easing this country by stealth" into a situation "where more and more Governmental power is to be exercised away from Westminster by institutions which do not derive from our constitutional tradition." The considered conclusion of the House of Lords Select Committee is that **"The powers of the UK Parliament will be weakened by the Single European Act."** That Act, the Select Committee also states, "will increase the risk of Community law which may be unwelcome to the UK."

Do you wish to see all these crucial powers taken away from the British Parliament without any approval by, or reference to, the British electorate?

Do you wish the powers of our own Government to revive our basic industries and to deal with unemployment to be further eroded? If not, make your view known to your MP, to the media, and in every way you can, before it is too late.

Britain has given independence and self-government to former colonies throughout the world. Now what is at stake is the democracy and self-government of Britain itself.

> ***"Ministers in the UK do a disservice in attempting to conceal the fundamental purposes of the Bill. If it were only an attempt to accelerate co-operation and in particular to establish a Common Market, that would be possibly meritorious. It is however more, much more. It is a substantial step towards political integration, common laws and fiscal harmonisation. That is a very different matter."***
>
> **The Rt Hon Sir Edward du Cann MP**
> 'The Times', Thursday May 8 1986

Message to Readers: The British electorate must be made aware of the fact that only the political party that is prepared to demand immediate and basic reform of the EEC — and is prepared to withdraw if this demand is not met — can have any hope of operating an economic strategy that will rebuild Britain's industrial base and provide sensible employment for the millions now in the dole queues. In dealing with these problems Britain has one hand tied behind her back by the present terms of membership. The Single European Act will tie the other even more tightly and is the very opposite of the kind of reform that Britain — and the rest of Europe — desperately need. Copies of this advertisement as it appeared in the *Guardian* on 12 June are available from the address below (10p plus SAE). Please help us to maximise the impact of this media campaign by sending in your donation with (or without) the box below.

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Ballet Rambert's new artistic director, Richard Alston, has injected the company with life: STEPHANIE JORDAN examines his repertory policy

New Statesman
Vol 111 No 2883 27 June 1986

Revolution is coming in South Africa

POMPOUSLY TITLED though they may have been, the Commonwealth Eminent Persons Group got the present situation in South Africa essentially right. It is that the present government in Pretoria is not interested in negotiating the end of the apartheid regime in the country.

Given that essential fact, the huffings and puffings of British and other European politicians bear no relation whatsoever to the reality of what is happening in South Africa. Insofar as they have any political relevance, it is only to the implications of South Africa for domestic British and European politics. Whether a junior British Foreign Office minister meets the acting head of the ANC, despite the fact that Mr Tambo has not 'renounced' the use of violence; whether the ANC should be recognised; whether Sir Geoffrey Howe should lead a team of European ministers to South Africa in the pretence that they are on an important eleventh hour mission — all these and other steps in the current minuet around the South African question have to do with finding a middle ground between the Conservative Right and the Conservative Left and on finding the minimum of symbolic gestures against South Africa that will avoid Britain being kicked out of the Commonwealth. No one should seriously suppose that the momentum of events in South Africa itself is going to be seriously deflected one way or the other by decisions made in Westminster or Brussels.

The talk, especially on the lips of the Prime Minister and Sir Geoffrey Howe, of trying to find the best way to bring about 'peaceful change' in South Africa is either cant or is based on ignorance. There can be no peaceful change now for two reasons. The first and most conclusive is that the political apparatus of white South Africa is unable to deliver reform of apartheid in any meaningful sense and itself then to survive in its present form. The belated and transparently self-interested concessions that the Botha government made to the Indian and Coloured communities in an attempt to bind them to the white State were as far as any Nationalist government could now go down the road of political reform. As by-election results and the growth of the white Resistance Movement have shown, a South African government that showed any inclination to make real concessions of power to the Black majority in the country would instantly lose control of the white political machine.

Allied to this development is the fact that the South African police are now largely out of political control. For a year and a half they have taken the law into their own hands, operating in confident contempt of judicial review and political check alike. The state of emergency and the control of information today is being run by the police, who largely make up the rules as they go along to suit their operational convenience. If senior police officers collectively came to think that 'liberal' Afrikaner politicians were 'going soft' on the Black issue, there would almost certainly be a coup.

PEACEFUL CHANGE is impossible for a second reason, too. Black politics in South Africa has moved beyond the point where the younger activists would accept a negotiated solution which left the white community with any entrenched political and economic position of relative superiority. Twenty years ago certainly, ten

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years ago perhaps, it might have been possible for white South Africa to negotiate some kind of federal solution that was acceptable to the then Black leadership and that would have still left the whites with a disproportionate amount of the country's natural resources and deep water harbours. But not today.

The nominal leadership of the Black side in what is now a civil war know that they would be disowned at once if they even hinted that they were considering the renunciation of violence, or were retreating from the idea of a political system based on one-person-one-vote that would leave the whites in a permanent minority. the Oliver Tambos of the ANC know that their authority over the activists who are actually fighting the civil war *inside* South Africa, who have actually been inside South African jails in the last five years, is very tenuous. In the timing of some of the recent bombings there has been more than a hint that the enthusiasts on the ground were operating to their own agenda and not to one laid down by the ANC.

THERE IS, then, only one eventual outcome possible in South Africa and that is revolutionary change from a white to a Black State. The process cannot be otherwise; it cannot follow the pattern, say, of Kenya or Zimbabwe for the white population of South Africa will not simply give up the levers of State power and move on. In small numbers, of course, seeing the writing on the wall, they are already emigrating. But the majority have nowhere to go and their backs are already to the sea. Afrikanerdom, in addition, thinks that it has a quasi-divine destiny to govern in Southern Africa.

So the end may still be many years of increasingly open and bitter civil war away. The Nationalist government in the fight is bound to tighten even further the apparatus of the police state. But in the end South Africa will be Black in government as well as in the majority of its people. In morality the West should help that just cause. In self-interest the West should back the side that will win. □

The law – an ass again

THIS FRIDAY, 27 June, 27 people are expected to be sentenced by Judge David Wild for their part in anti-vivisection raids on Unilever's laboratories in Bedfordshire in August 1984.

Of the 27, 11 have been in prison unsentenced since being found guilty on 27 February; three have been inside since April and the remaining 13 since May. It's the largest — in terms of numbers of defendants — and the longest running trial of animal liberationists seen in this country.

It seems that it was the sheer number involved which originally prompted the pre-trial judge to order the proceedings to be divided into three trials. Given that all 40 original defendants were on conspiracy charges carrying a maximum of 10 year sentences and dealt with by Crown Court juries, a contempt of court order was made to prevent any reporting of the first and second trials. The intent was to avoid prejudicing the later juries, but the effect is of course to silence the press and discussion of the issues involved. The defendants found guilty in the first two trials have, therefore, been left to stew in jail, with no publicity given to their cases and thus effectively reduced to 'non-persons'.

Judge Wild is reported to have said during the third trial that, in the light of experience, it would have been better from the court's point of view to hold all three trials at once. We cannot help but agree that in the interests of those accused, more importantly, a better way must be found of handling cases involving large numbers of defendants. After all, it can't simply be assumed that in all instances the sentences handed out will automatically exceed the time they have already spent in jail. In that case injustice will have been done and public money wasted. More insidiously, there will be pressure on the judge to hand out sentences longer than the time spent waiting in jail for sentencing in order to prevent the law appearing a complete ass. Such a situation is intolerable. □

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AS MRS T FIDDLES . . . S AFRICA STOCKPILES

WHILE MRS THATCHER looks up the difference between 'sanctions' and 'measures' in the Oxford English Dictionary, the South African government is using the breathing space to stock up on strategic materials. STUART BELL reports

FIGURES from South African Customs and Excise show that from January to April this year South Africa spent more than R2.6 billion (£900 million) on 'unclassified imports', the category covering sensitive goods officially under international embargo. This is twice as much as the same period last year.

Adam Jacobs, an economist with the South African bank Volkskas, explains. 'In the first two months we had large extraordinary items, mainly oil and probably arms imports'. South Africa has already stockpiled enough oil for up to two years' needs. In taking advantage of the weak oil price, spending on this scale would be enough for another seven months' supply of fuel.

During January and February South Africa was pleading poverty to its 300 creditor banks after its moratorium on capital repayments declared last September. The result of negotiations was an Interim Settlement, reached on 20 February, providing for an initial downpayment of just 5 per cent (around $500 million) of the total frozen debt. South African bankers warned that even this sum might prove too burdensome for their economy. Yet South Africa has raised its defence budget by 19 per cent this year, as well as paying for sanctions-busting imports, and has paid the interest on its $24 billion total foreign debt by resorting to gold sales and swaps (using gold as collateral for loans).

South Africa's creditor banks have been remarkably lenient towards a country which last September defaulted in all but name. Although the supply of new loans has since dried up, about half of the downpayment on the outstanding debt was 're-lent' by European banks, and some have converted short-term loans into longer three-year loans yielding higher interest.

Such 'recycling' leaves these funds in the hands of South African borrowers and, indirectly, at the disposal of the government. In February, a local Namibian paper reported that the Standard Bank of Namibia (39 per cent held by Standard Chartered plc) had made a R28 million loan to the illegal Namibian administration after 'political pressures had made it impossible for South Africa and Namibia to obtain funds overseas'.

Standard Chartered is a UK bank which has £830 million of South African loans outstanding, and which Lloyds Bank is trying to take over. If Lloyds succeeded, it would become a more 'South African' bank than Barclays — until it sold off Standard's South African interests. Standard pointed out this week that if Lloyds did that, they'd make a big loss on getting the money out of the country at the 'financial Rand' rate.

John Rentoul adds: Mrs Thatcher listed the measures taken against the South African government and challenged Neil Kinnock in the Commons last Thursday to name a Western industrialised country (later corrected to 'major') that had done more.

He replied that 'there is no other country in the world that has a greater and closer relationship or a greater responsibility than this country', which is absolutely right, but 15-0 to Thatcher in Prime Minister's Question Tennis.

Every single measure listed by Mrs Thatcher was taken as a result of a United Nations ruling (the arms and oil embargoes) or Commonwealth pressure (the ban on Krugerrands), and three times in the past year, including last week, the UK has vetoed further measures at the UN Security Council.

The use of the veto exposes Mrs Thatcher's real intention, which is to stall for time. In July last year the UK *abstained* on a UN motion 'urging' member nations to ban new investment in South Africa, but voted against making the ban mandatory. So while complaining that if Britain stopped trading with South Africa other countries would steal our business, she opposes any attempt — however selective — at compulsory joint action.

This week Neil Kinnock came up with a full list of countries 'that had done more' on South Africa. Apart from Australia, Austria, Belgium, Denmark, the Netherlands, Norway and Sweden, he listed five 'major' industrialised nations:

Japan bans direct investment
United States bans some non-governmental loans and its ban on computer sales is more extensive than Britain's
France bans new investment
West Germany bans some export credits
Italy officially discourages emigration to South Africa

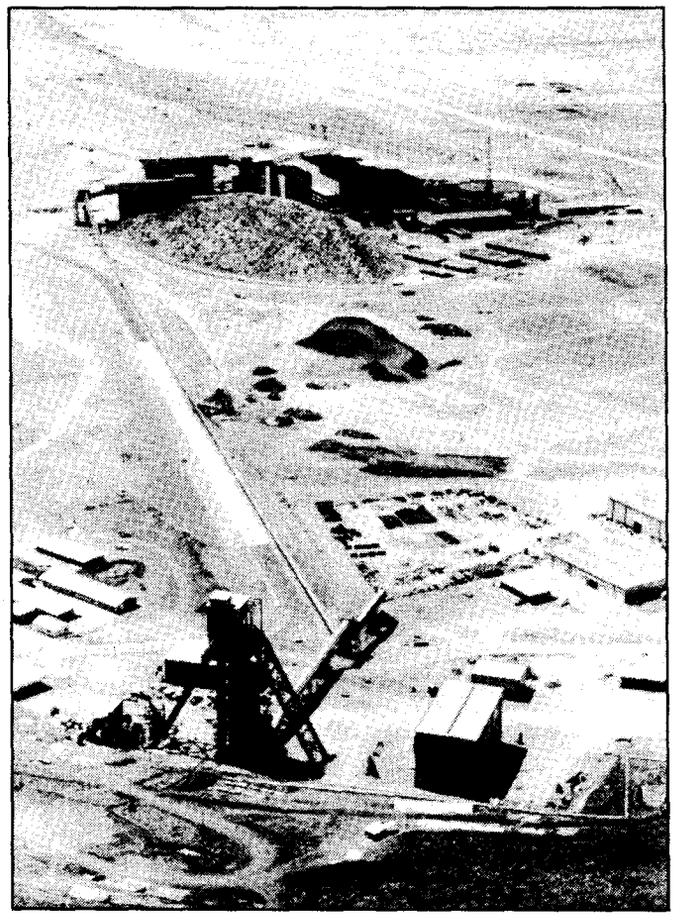
He wrote to Mrs Thatcher: 'The primary issue is what our country does to promote an end to apartheid, rather than where our country stands in the Sanctions World Cup contest.' If it were the World Cup, Mrs Thatcher would have been booked for time-wasting. ●

'Don't buy apartheid'

FREE STICKERS inside this issue: make your point and make it stick

And for the two of you who don't *already know: 'Call for Sanctions' march and festival this Saturday (28 June), Hyde Park, 11-12 then to Clapham Common. Wear ANC colours (gold, black, green) or SWAPO colours (red, blue, green).*

New Statesman censored, p7.



Britain's apartheid links

Consolidated Gold Fields (above: *its Black Mountain mine, Cape Province) is the most important British company in South Africa — and the most vulnerable to pressure in the UK through its Amey Roadstone subsidiary. Consgold controls South Africa's second largest gold producer, Gold Fields of South Africa. A forthcoming booklet from Counter Information Services reports that many of its 72,000 Black miners work in 'appalling conditions' at wages well below the European Community Code of Conduct 'Minimum Living Level'. It also says that Amey Roadstone has had £60 million in British government contracts since May 1983. It also has several contracts with local councils, and Hackney in London has just discovered to its dismay that it has contracts with the company, contrary to its anti-racist policy. Ethical Investments and Research Information Services (EIRIS) has listed 16 British companies paying less than* half *the Euro-Code level, including (from the bottom): Hickson International, Union International (the Vestey company), Lonrho, BP, Pritchard Services, Babcock International, McKechnie Bros, Thorn EMI and BET.* ●

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EDINBURGH DOES THE SPLITS

OVER the past few weeks Labour councillors and activists in Edinburgh have been engaged in a bitter and unseemly public squabble which goes to the heart of Labour's continuing arguments over party democracy and political strategy. ROB EDWARDS interprets the turmoil

THE ROW was provoked by last month's surprise change in the Labour leadership of Edinburgh District Council. At their annual general meeting on 13 May Labour councillors voted by 20 to 12 to replace the previous hard left council leader Alex Wood by the soft left's candidate, Mark Lazarowicz.

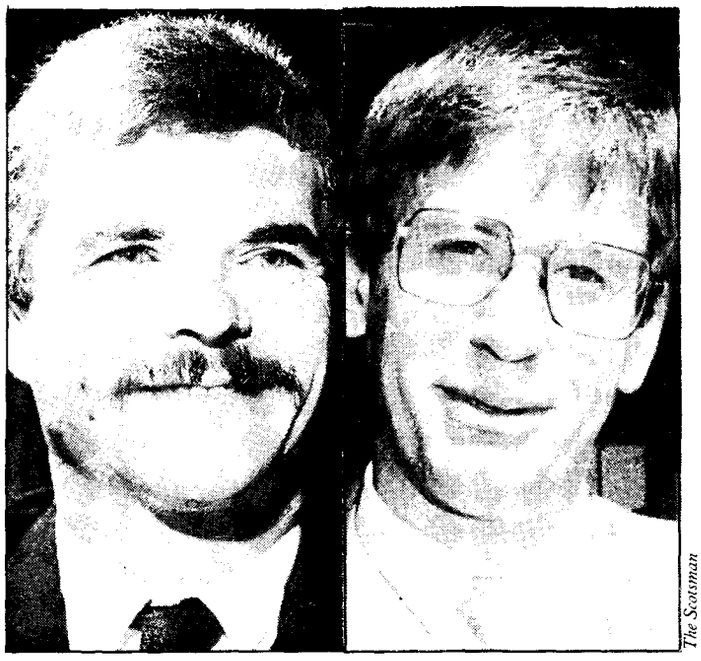
Their choice greatly angered party activists as it was in conscious defiance of the recommendation overwhelmingly agreed by district party delegates the previous day. An emergency district party meeting was convened and two weeks ago it voted by 49 to nine to condemn the action of the majority of councillors and to urge that Wood be reinstated. By a smaller majority (41 to 9) it also passed a motion of no confidence in Lazarowicz in his capacity as district party treasurer.

The majority of councillors have subsequently reaffirmed their support for the new leadership and made it clear they won't comply with the district party's demands. Feelings run so high that at the moment it's difficult to see how the huge gulf that has opened up between activists and elected representatives can be bridged.

Everyone recognises that within the terms of Labour's rules the councillors are perfectly entitled to reject the party's advice, even though the custom over the last four years has been to accept it. But activists are particularly annoyed that the new leadership made no serious attempt to argue its case before the district party.

They argue that the case for changing Labour's constitution to oblige councillors to carry out the party's wishes has been reinforced, although they recognise that such a change cannot realistically be put on Labour's agenda over the next few years. They urge party members to take the issue into consideration when reselecting candidates for the next district elections in 1988.

Soft left councillors, however, argue that the district prty was being manipulated by the hard left and that they were inhibited from campaigning too openly against Wood for fear of damaging Labour's chances in May's regional elections. They say that the widespread dismay and confusion over Wood's leadership amongst councillors in recent months meant that they were forced to act.



The Scotsman

'Anti-crass-electioneering' Wood (L) head to head with 'pragmatic' Lazarowicz (R)

They don't dispute the need for long term changes in the relationship between councillors and their local party, but prefer the idea of an electoral college to choose the leader, involving councillors, activists and trade unionists. They doubt whether any councillor will be deselected as a result of the current row.

Underlying the manoeuvrings are of course crucial differences in political preconceptions. Alex Wood prefers the confrontationalist approach: after four years at the head of the Labour group he defined his achievement as having become known as an opponent of Kinnock's 'crass electoralism'. Mark Lazarowicz, a prominent member of the Labour Co-ordinating Committee in Scotland, aligns himself with the Sheffield and former Greater London Council left.

Characteristically, there is disagreement over the interpretation of the Scottish Secretary, Malcolm Rifkind's, £2.2 million spending concession which has just ended this year's threatening budget crisis. The soft left claims that its more pragmatic approach gave room for Rifkind to compromise: the hard left said the same would have happened under its leadership. ●

Like lambs to the slaughter

CUMBRIAN Chernobyl watchers predicted contamination of the lamb crop immediately the caesium and iodine polluted rain began to fall.

David Maclean, MP for Penrith and the Borders and deputy to Michael Jopling (also from a sheep rearing area) at the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food (MAFF) stressed this week that genetic damage to the sheep is unlikely. But MAFF won't know what genetic damage occurs over the next few years as this years' lambs go through the breeding cycle. There's no MAFF research facility in Cumbria, and therefore no pre-Chernobyl base line from which to calculate increases, even if a MAFF farm is established now.

Farmers are rightly worried and angry about the loss of their fat stock and breeding reputation, but their anger would be better directed at the nuclear industry and the Ministry. Although it wouldn't have proved possible to keep breeding stocks indoors after Chernobyl the Ministry would have been able to offer advice on damage limitation if it hadn't found it necessary to underplay radiation effects for political reasons.

Jane Mayes

A lesbian's homosexual so can't give blood — right?

A MISTAKEN prohibition on a Nottingham lesbian wishing to give blood has led a regional director of the National Blood Transfusion Service to admit that the service is in 'terrible confusion' about Aids, and that the advice booklet used by staff and donors needs rewriting.

A regular donor for some time, the Nottingham woman sought to re-register but on 6 June was sent a letter by Dr V. James, consultant haematologist at Trent regional HQ: 'Although it is accepted that lesbians are probably the people least at risk of developing anti HTLV III (*sic*), nevertheless the policy of the National Blood Transfusion Service is not to accept their blood for clinical transfusion purposes. You will appreciate that we have to work to very clear-cut black and white rules. We cannot afford the luxury of considering all our donors on an individual basis.'

Nottingham Lesbian Line took up the woman's case as they felt the letter 'was just another hysterical response to Aids and its links with the gay community.' They gave out leaflets on the Lesbian Strength march in London this Saturday 21 June (inaugural event of annual lesbian/gay carnival) asking other lesbians to offer blood and press the Blood Transfusion Service to make their policy clear.

However, Dr William Wagstaff, director of the Trent regional service — the National Blood Transfusion Service has no national office and each region is virtually autonomous, answerable only to the DHSS — tells *NS* that the letter had been 'quite wrong'.

'She shouldn't have been asked about sexual partners in the first place. And secondly, there is n national policy excluding lesbian: What there is, is a great deal c confusion over the word homosexual and gay. It is a miracl that we've got this far in so short time but staff need to be bette briefed.'

A new booklet is now being drafte by the DHSS to replace the curre *Aids, Information for Blood Dono* which is also used by staff guidelines, to try to correct th confusion. Dr Wagstaff would like t see in it 'what is now the wording i the US. It is males who have had sexual encounter with another ma over the last seven years who are i the high risk category. And many them wouldn't identify as gay bisexual.'

The DHSS confirms that th booklet is being drafted but there's r date as yet for publication. A DHS spokeswoman stresses that sexu activity is only one form transmission of Aids and no on whatever their sexuality, should b complacent about the risk of Aids.

Jane Dibbli

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'HELLO JOHN, GOT A NEW POLICY?'

IT'S YES TO CLAUSE IV — BUT WITH A '90s LOOK

ANXIOUS that Labour's clothing itself with nothing but platitudes? Check this issue p10 for Hain and Edmonds talking new union policy — and here's DAVID THOMAS bearing reassurances on 'Social Ownership'

ONE OF LABOUR's working parties has this week had another bite at a major report called *Social Ownership — A vision for the 1990s*. Produced in conditions of unprecedented secrecy, it will soon find its way onto the desks of members of Labour's national executive. They'll discover the most fundamental rethink by Labour on public ownership since the Attlee nationalisations.

And that's a bit of a surprise, because the working party was chaired by John Smith, shadow trade and industry secretary, embodiment of solid caution. Under Smith, the working party has steered its way through the two opposite extremes in the Party: the extreme Right which reckons that any talk of public ownership will put the fear of God into the electorate; and the extreme Left which wants 200 nationalised monopolies, just like that.

The draft report explicitly backs Clause IV ('common ownership of the means of production, distribution and exchange' etc), but says it must be understood in the industrial conditions likely to prevail in the 1990s. Morrisonian nationalisation is dead. Long live 'social ownership'. So, probably for the first time in a Labour document on industry, as much attention is devoted to customers as to any other part of the programme. Why should the punters back the re-nationalisation of British Telecom, if they can't expect a better phone service from it?

The public's rights

Ideas canvassed include giving consumer bodies in each town powers over the services of publicly owned industries, allowing consumers to elect members of national boards and minimum standards of service (see the Union of Communication Workers' plans, *NS* 6 June).

These proposals for customers, plus the commitment to build on the stake which workers have been given in privatised companies, are an attempt to steal the Tories' clothes. The Tories say that privatisation has worked wonders for customers and employees: Labour will try to show that claim to be hollow with ideas which really benefit both groups.

But contrary to public speculation this is not just an exercise in dropping renationalisation commitments. The report (or, at least, its latest draft) contains explicit commitments to take back British Telecom, British Gas, the water authorities and defence-related industries like the Royal Dockyards.

A big role is given to a new body, the British Enterprise Board, which will be able to take minority and majority stakes in priority sectors like electronics. It would differ from similar outfits under previous Labour governments in the scale of its operations, in concentrating on growth sectors and in having a strong local input. David Blunkett has been the other leading light on the working party, ensuring that soft Left and centre Right support is sewn up. The only people it should annoy are the hard Right and the hard Left: it must have something going for it. ●

NS censored in South Africa

Johannesburg

ALL COPIES of the 13 June New Statesman *appeared on South African news stands with two pages torn out. The offending article — a preview of 16 June in Soweto — was torn out by International Magazines (Intermag), distributors of all international publications in South Africa.*

According to the managing director of Intermag, Wal Dean, the decision was taken because it fell foul of the censorship laws imposed in the State of Emergency. The article was written three days before the Emergency was declared.

Dean said he would continue to remove articles which contravened the emergency regulations.

Intermag also decided on the basis of legal advice not to distribute any copies of Newsweek *which had a cover story on South Africa last week.* Time *magazine appeared with blank pages where the story on South Africa had been removed.*

Meanwhile, Newsweek*'s bureau chief in South Africa, Rick Manning, was this week given three days to leave the country. Manning was the second* Newsweek *staffer to get the boot from South Africa in the last year and the second journalist to have to leave since the Emergency was declared two weeks ago.*

Phillip van Niekerk

MISCELLANY

At least the Argentinian pat-ball victory shores up a back-home regime that's an improvement on its predecessor — which reminds us

Bullseye on Mexico

You read it here first: the result. Six months ago. Remember our Political Editor crystal-ball gazing about 1986 in our issue of 20 December? He pictured Maggie in a chauffeur-driver car en route to Finchley on the evening of 27 June 1986, morosely brooding over the previous weekend, when after one damn political set-back after another she'd put her feet up with a glass of Scotch: 'It was at that moment — the memory still pained her — when Sir Robert Armstrong entered her room and brought her the news she dreaded. "I'm afraid we have been beaten, Prime Minister", the Cabinet Secretary said. "Argentina are through to the semi-finals"'. Kellner also predicted there's be a general election this week in which the right would be thrashed. OK, OK, he forgot to say the election would be held in Spain. Nobody's perfect.

Standards slipping

Not even the Evening Standard, *beg its pardon* London Standard. *It has been passionately interested in recent weeks in the rumours — where* do *they come from? — that the* NS *is to get a new editor in place of Kingsley Martin. Also in the rumours that Bernard Shaw is drawing to the end of his role on our books and arts pages. Indeed, the* Standard*'s Londoner's Diary has twice in 1986 written of our new books and arts ed Harriett Gilbert, which was on the ball of them and absolutely correct. Picture our surprise this Monday. A lead item on the discovery of Philip Larkin's third (uncompleted) novel cancelled out Harriett and chose instead to describe Anthony Thwaite, one of Larkin's literary executors, as 'Lit Ed of the* New Statesman*'. Kind memo to Londoner's Diary: since Anthony left us, which was in 1972, John Gross, Claire Tomalin, Martin Amis, David Caute, Gillian Wilce, and now Harriet, have been NS Lit Eds. Ah! How are you getting on, over there at the* Standard*, with finding an editor to succeed Michael Foot?*

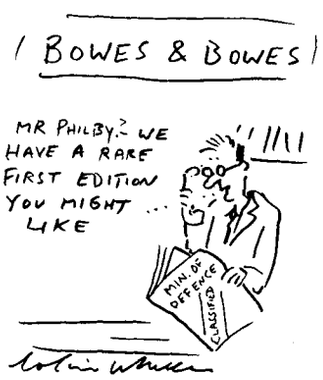
Queen Anne is dead

Monday was an odd day for people not knowing things. No 10 spokesperson (in-the-wheel) Bernard Ingham told the reverential lobby hacks this Monday that it couldn't be wholly excluded from the range of not entirely unencompassable feasibilities, mutatis mutandis, give or take an offchance, that a British government minister *might* deign to see ANC president Oliver Tambo (if he asked nicely and promised the ANC would disarm unilaterally). Unfortunately for the bluff Yorkshireperson the FCO, across the street, had delivered its invitation for Tambo to see MinState Linda Chalker the previous Friday. Confronted with this, Ingham excused himself: he'd had the day off on Friday.

World Cup Queensway

But enough of hard politics. Now that summer's slid out from under Reagan's thumb, abandoned the US boycott, and decided to pay us a visit, everyone's sharing C4's agony about what sport to entertain us with next. They tried baseball and Australian rules football, which didn't sweep the country's imagination — and their great triumph, American football, isn't due back on-screen till September unless they sneak in a few out-of-season matches. Croquet and real tennis (that's the one with the rules in Norman French, bent raquets and only four people who actually play it) have their advocates, but we'd like to help. We suggest the London Transport versus Roller-Skaters Challenge Cup. It's an even smaller sport as yet than real tennis. The sole ground is the entry-way to LT's Central-line tube-station, Queensway. Minatory notices have just gone up telling roller skaters to stay out, and warning that 'offenders will be prosecuted'. As yet 'it isn't a great *problem', says LT head office. But it's growing. Potential fans (and programme-makers) who go to check it out will discover that the body-swerving of the rollers and the clutching arms of the flatties (guards) are getting to be as tactically tricky as American football and as graceful as ballet. What's more: no referees.*

Will he review it?



Kim Philby as well as maintaining his London tailors and cobblers remains loyal, we hear, to booksellers Bowes & Bowes in Cambridge. Latest order? John le Carre's *A Perfect Spy*.

Reptile

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SCRUTINY

THE CASH REGISTERS ARE STILL RINGING

THE POLITICS of Envy Unit is still catching up on the wave of profit-taking that followed the peak of the stock market in March. Top of the heap so far is Glen Renfrew, managing director of Reuters, who has taken up the option of being £7 million richer.
JOHN RENTOUL reports

THE ACCOUNTS of Reuters, the news agency and electronic information supplier, show that in 1985 Renfrew converted half his 'E' shares into ordinary 'B' shares. He paid £1 for each 'E' share, which is convertible into 755 ordinary 'B' shares (then worth nearly £4 each), making an instant profit of up to £3,380,513.

But just after the accounts date, in April this year, he converted his remaining 'E' shares, producing a total shareholding now worth £6,369,750, after selling 150,000 shares at £4.34, netting £651,000. These later transactions are published in a little-known publication called *Weekly Official Intelligence*, which lists all dealings by directors in their own company's shares, as reported to the Stock Exchange.

Renfrew's deputy, Michael Nelson, converted all his 650 'E' shares in 1985, making a profit of up to £1,953,185, about £300,000 of which he took in cash, keeping the rest in ordinary shares. Third member of Reuter's management troika responsible for floating the company on the Stock Exchange in May 1984, financial director Nigel Judah, took his profit (of up to £1,175,432) in that year.

Trustlord Forte

Between November 1985 and early April 1986, five directors of Trusthouse Forte exercised some of their share options making, we estimate, a profit of £1.35 million between them. Canniest was John Hawkes, who managed to cash in at a share price peak in March, becoming £350,000 richer.

In passing, the Unit notes that Lord Forte's hotel chain (£42,000 to the Tories in 1985) is one of the few companies that refuses to supply information about the pay and conditions of its South African workers.

Sir John Harvey-Jones, due to retire as ICI's chairperson next year, took up the last of his options to buy ICI shares on 20 March, when he bought 20,000 shares for £3.93 and sold them again at £9.93, making a profit of £120,000. This brings his total gain from his options since 1984 to £470,500, to supplement his £312,991 salary. As Sir John told the *Daily Express* last May: 'The future of this country depends on a more effective industrial sector. People have to believe they can get rich by taking a top industrial job.' We believe it.

Sir J H-J should be looked after all right when he retires, too. ICI paid out £4 million in pensions to former executive directors in 1985, a going rate of £500,000 per year of service. Pension payments were £1 million more than the previous year. The increase is said by ICI's press office to be due mainly to the death in service of Dr Philip Harvey, suggesting a substantial payment to his family.

Away from the rarified world of share option schemes, another landmark in British salaries was uncovered by the *FT*-Wyatt survey of top City pay last month. An anonymous corporate financier earned £528,185 last year: the second highest published salary paid to a UK resident, and only the second to top the half-million mark. He (Wyatt's confidentiality isn't broken by revealing his sex) is probably employed by an American bank. Top UK-resident salary was paid last year to Ralph Halpern, chairperson of Burton (Top Shop, Principles, Debenhams): £542,000. ●

UPP

Glen Renfrew, who joined Reuters as a reporter in 1952. He's a member of The Manhasset Yacht Club (Long Island, New York), which he can afford to buy

After Chernobyl

Safer nuclear power 'uneconomic': official

AS THE campaign gets under way to reduce the legal 'safety' limit on radiation, the UK Atomic Energy Authority has admitted that it would have to close its old reactor at Winfrith power station if it succeeded.

Last week 250 delegates to the second annual conference on the 'health effects of low level radiation' demanded that the legal limit for members of the public be reduced to one-twentieth of the existing level — to give people living near British nuclear power stations the same level of protection as in the US.

And workers in the nuclear industry should have their limit cut to one-tenth of what they can legally receive today. Government advisers admit privately that they're thinking of recommending a five-fold reduction in worker exposure limits (to match the five-fold reduction in the permitted level for members of the public earlier this year). But many scientists, worried that cancer risks from radiation have been underestimated, are pressing for a ten-fold cut.

This is vigorously opposed by the powerful nuclear lobby. A UK Atomic Energy Authority memo, made available privately to a handful of radiation experts, says the UKAEA takes the view that a ten-fold reduction would 'seriously damage commerical prospects' for the industry. The UKAEA, says the memo, would have to close its old reactor at Winfrith, Dorset. And the experimental reactors at Harwell would have 'great difficulty' in operating.

Commercial failure

A large proportion of the country's less modern nuclear plant 'requires operator exposure' at least as high as at Winfrith. The old reactors which were not designed to provide such stringent radiation protection would have to be upgraded but, according to the memo, 'there would presumably be severe limits on the extent to which it would be practicable to modify older plant at reasonable cost . . . indeed it is difficult to see how present commercial successes could be maintained under such constraints.'

Radiobiologist Barrie Lambert of St Bartholomews hospital said: 'I am very disturbed that the UKAEA seems to want to set dose limits on what is feasible for the age of the plant. This is surely against the basic principles of radiation protection. It's like saying the dose limits should be set to allow the plant to be operated inefficiently.'

Nearly 1,000 UKAEA employees received radiation doses in 1984 which would have been over the 'ten times reduced' limit. And 187 had doses more than three times that level. The new limit for the general public, recommended by the National Radiological Protection Board earlier this year but not backed up by law, is 1 milliSievert a year. But nuclear industry workers can legally be exposed to doses of 50 times as much. The industry maintains that few workers receive doses approaching the limit.

According to the latest British Nuclear Fuels figures, 707 employees had doses between 15 and 50 milliSieverts in one year, 235 of them at Sellafield.

Sylvia Collier

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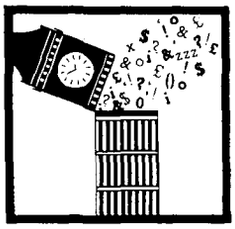

Thatcher isn't Thatcherite enough on sanctions

PETER KELLNER

BERNARD LEVIN, whose right-wing views and long sentences — often involving complex subordinate clauses while he tours the by-ways of his mind, of which he has a uniquely high opinion — make him difficult to read (although, of course, since *The Times* moved to Wapping, I have given up trying), was, for once — forsooth twice and thrice, since he is temperamentally incapable of trapping a good idea without flogging the poor creature to death — absolutely right.

A politician's true devotion to a cause, Levin argued, can be judged by whether he or she makes a statement of principle and then says 'and so . . .', or leads everyone up to the top of the hill with a resounding declaration, only to send them tumbling back down with a strategically placed 'but'. 'And so' politicians at least deserve marks for effort. 'But' politicians are usually hypocrites.

One of Mrs Thatcher's most notable characteristics as Prime Minister has been that she is temperamentally an 'and so' rather than a 'but' leader. She thought the unions were too strong; *and so* she made sure new laws were introduced to curb them. She considered inflation an evil without peer; *and so* she implemented an economic policy that tackled it, no matter what the consequences were for jobs and output. She was horrified by the Argentine invasion of the Falkland Islands; *and so* she sent a task force to recapture them.

South Africa is different. Gone is the 'resolute approach', linking moral certainty to determined policy. Instead, an unfamiliar Mrs Thatcher presents herself: evasive and uncertain. She deplores apartheid, *but* thinks sanctions would do more harm than good. She supports Black majority rule, *but* does not want to recognise the African National Congress. She would like the Common Market to take united action, *but* wants that action to be as little as possible. At no point has the Prime Minister proceeded from a denunciation of Pretoria by way of an 'and so' to argue for decisive measures to end white rule.

So familiar has the Prime Minister's evasion become that it ceases to surprise us. Even as she prepares to change tack by agreeing to limited measures at this week's Common Market summit, Bernard Ingham assures lobby journalists that hers is not a change of heart but a 'negotiating position'. She might be dragged kicking and screaming to accept further action (which would please Sir Geoffrey Howe and mollify some Tory wets); she will not, however, abandon her belief that sanctions are wrong (which should cheer the Tory Right).

Mrs Thatcher's attitude may not surprise us; but it should. Let us return to first principles. A simple definition of Thatcherism is the belief that people should do things for themselves, with the minimum of State intervention. The moral proposition at the heart of this belief is that people should have the maximum freedom to do what they want to do, not what the State tells them to do.

You have your doubts? So do I. Such a belief is certainly hard to reconcile with the observation that Thatcherism leads to unemployment, poverty and inequality. A cynic might even claim that such is the true objective of the exercise. Yet the stated moral case for Thatcherism deserves to be taken seriously — it has underpinned much of her electoral appeal — and it is instructive to apply that case to South Africa.

THE MOST OBVIOUS point about South Africa today, judged by Thatcherite standards, is that the State intrudes into people's lives in a way that violates grotesquely the notion that people should be free to run their lives as they choose. Mrs Thatcher wishes the 'ism' to which she has given her name to be synonymous with freedom from State control. In those terms South Africa is one of the most *anti*-Thatcherite countries on earth.

More importantly, apartheid itself is an anti-Thatcherite creed. Any statement about the right of people to do what they want, and to accept the consequences of their actions, carries an unspoken assumption: that everyone shares certain basic democratic rights — to vote, to choose where to live and where to work. The Conservative Party and the Institute for Economic Affairs and the Centre for Policy Studies have generated hundreds of books, pamphlets and articles on the need for labour mobility and a more open housing market. Apartheid produces a more complete distortion of those markets than anything in Britain. Yet look for a Tory pamphlet, an IEA tract or a CPS book exposing the lack of Thatcherite freedoms in South Africa — and you look in vain.

In fact, you could look further for a detailed Thatcherite denunciation of apartheid and you will still look in vain. Norman Tebbit's parable about his father getting on his bike to look for work has an exact parallel in South Africa; many people in the townships would doubtless like to do just that. But the Conservative Party chairman seems recently to have developed diplomatic laryngitis.

Right-wing Tory backbenchers, like Julian Amery, John Carlisle, George Gardiner and Ian Lloyd, all extol the virtues of free-market Thatcherism at home — while defending its inverse abroad. The Tory wets present a different picture. The likes of Francis Pym and Sir Ian Gilmour do denounce apartheid, but their perspective is far from Thatcherite. Their Toryism is rooted not in the moral principles of laissez faire economics, but in the decencies of fairness, tolerance and national harmony. For them, apartheid is wrong because it offends those decencies, not because it violates the theory of labour mobility.

We are, then, left with a paradox. The morality of Thatcherism has a precise application to a major international crisis in which Britain should have a leading role. On any logical interpretation of the Prime Minister's declared ideology, her government ought to be organising the EEC, the Commonwealth and the United Nations to take action to end apartheid. Instead, ministers retreat behind a wall of 'buts'.

In the short run, Mrs Thatcher's stand, or craven crouch, may do her little harm with the electorate. Her reluctance to impose sanctions is shared by most Tory voters, and a significant minority of Labour and Alliance supporters. In the longer run, however, the hypocrisy of her position will surely return to haunt her. From now on, every time she defends her policies at home by reference to her democratic principles, she will invite the retort: 'what about South Africa?'.

In time the skein of Thatcherism will unravel. Because of the British political system, it has to pretend to concern itself with democratic values. The current dispute about sanctions reveals how empty this concern is. Of course, a legitimate debate may be held about which sanctions would be best; the give-away is that Mrs Thatcher is not seriously participating in that debate — and when she states her ritual opposition to apartheid, she never says 'and so'.

PS: In last week's column I referred to unspecified 'Labour ministers' in the 1960s conspiring with civil servants and oil executives to undermine oil sanctions. Judith Hart was the minister in the Commonwealth Office responsible for supervising sanctions between April 1966 and July 1967. She has asked me to point out that the scandal of the 'oil swap' took place in 1968, after she had left the Commonwealth Office. For the record, the culpable ministers were George Thompson (now Chairman of the Independent Broadcasting Authority), George Thomas (subsequently Speaker) and Harold Wilson. They can argue among themselves as to who was most to blame — and occasionally do. All three are now in the House of Lords. □

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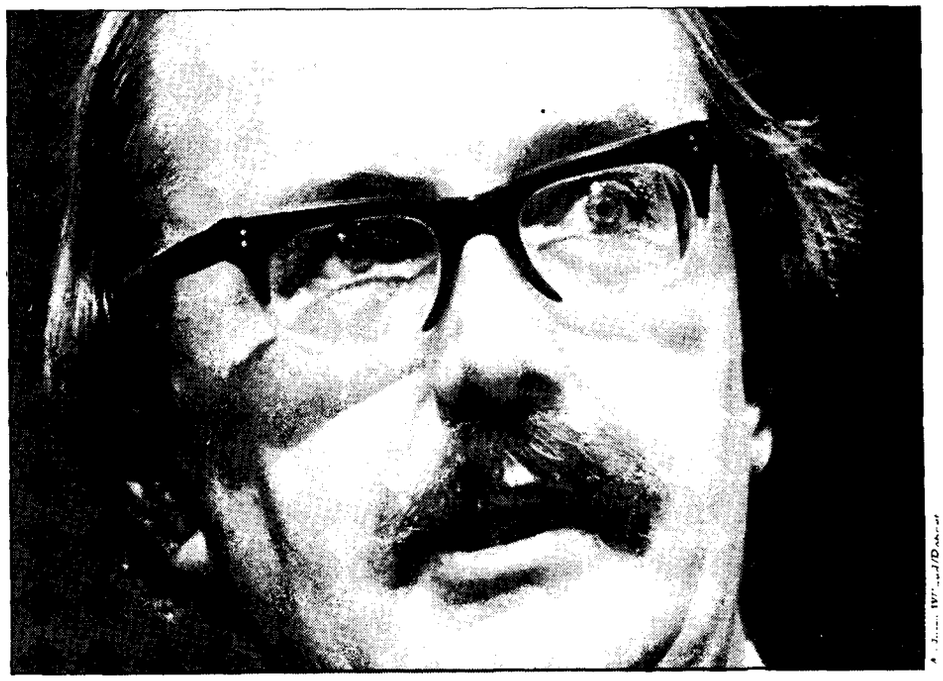
IT'S TIME FOR WORKER — NOT UNION — RIGHTS

Peter Hain and John Edmonds got together this month to discuss new possibilities for the unions. SARAH BENTON was there



John Edmonds: 'People always fight harder for rights they already think they have'

IF IT'S TRUE that a wonderfully concentrated mind is a sign of impending death, then there must be quite a few labour leaders who fear that their movement is in danger of disappearing into ignominy. Something called 'the run-up to the next election' has become the channel down which all political considerations must pass if they are not to be discarded as irrelevant.

John Edmonds is one such leader. Last year he was elected as General Secretary of GMBATU, Britain's second biggest general union (though still less than half the size of the giant TGWU), and at 42 he is one of the youngest union 'bosses'. He is impatient with the conflicts of the recent past, often dismissing the constitutional discussions — to expel or not to expel the reprobate EETPU — as blinkered self-indulgence. Far from wishing to wheeler-dealer a solution to such conflicts, he is insistent that trade unions must turn outwards to make the claims of the labour movement attractive both to the public at large and, not least, to their own members.

In this he has the sympathy of Peter Hain, a researcher for the Union of Communication Workers, the old Post Office Workers' Union, and a leading light in the Labour Co-ordinating Committee, the soft nose of the Labour Left. Despite the growing professionalisation of trade union work, Hain is still one of the few full-timers who thinks unions should be a source of new thinking on the management of the national economy.

There may not be political life for the labour movement after the next election, if its party fails to win. But the willingness of Labour's intellectuals and activists to fight enthusiastically for that chance to govern depends on decisions taken about Labour government politics. Thus the still bleeding wound of incomes policy is for Hain a key question that has to be worked out today while there is still time.

'Unless we take the debate up now and get a consensus, not just at leadership but at local level, we run the risk of returning to the failed old policies of the '60s and '70s' he says. That incomes policy failed because it was limited in ambition and benefited the rich rather than the poor. But potentially, he thinks, an incomes policy can be 'radical, positive and forward-looking'; it can 'enable us to tackle low pay and equality for women, the need to share out work and enhance the opportunities for part-time work.'

This is the view of incomes policy which sees it as a means of radically changing how work is organised — how any work process is divided up into separate jobs, to whom they are allotted, how much pay and status each carries.

But apart from that there is, thinks Hain, an urgent governmental reason for sorting it out now. 'You'll get a collision between the public sector, especially having had its position screwed down under Thatcher, wanting some advance under Labour very quickly in pure wages and incomes and, on the other hand, the need to create jobs.' The needs will clash.

Edmonds agrees; everyone shudders at the prospect of a vacuum on incomes policy sucking a Labour government into an early grave. Yet he is not at all convinced that launching a debate now on something *called* incomes policy is a sensible thing to do. His objections are to do with popular feeling.

'I don't believe it's going to be a major election issue. I don't think people are desperately worried about the run-away rate of wage increases, I don't think they're worried about the power of trade unions any more. People's priorities have shifted into other areas, particularly jobs.' And then there's the bleeding wound. 'The experience of incomes policy in the past has not been exactly very happy. So directly anybody uses the phrase "incomes policy" they tend to mean wage restraint, the labour movement immediately produces a whole barrage of opposing views. So in run-up period to an election that is a silly thing to do.'

Political tactics should constrain the debate; it should be had, but with the aim of reaching a consensus by next autumn and the conference season. It shouldn't — and this was the great mistake with last year's TUC which still sends shudders down Edmonds's spine — be allowed to erupt suddenly at the TUC and tear it apart in fruitless position-taking. And it should be called something else, which does not suggest its first purpose is wage restraint. 'I think we pick on that point which has the greatest consensus pull, which is something about low-paid income and poverty wages, and we work out the implications from there.' That and job creation.

He keeps returning to the point: 'I'm not sure we're ready in the Party to discuss the planning of incomes . . . there are just too many bruises . . . there's too much history to be shrugged off . . .' And by the time he has gone through the problems of incomes policy, the objections of those with strong bargaining power, the certainty that a mere token consensus will shatter under the strain of real life, it's not all clear whether he does favour incomes policy, even if it comes under the new attractive thrust of job creation or a national minimum wage, to which he is wholly committed.

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IT IS LESS that he has already developed the evasiveness of a national spokesperson, more that questions of national planning are not his ball game. The politics of popular feeling are. Hain is concerned: 'If we're only talking about jobs because it's easier', then incomes policy will come in on 'a separate line'. Whereas the whole point is to connect all the elements of economic planning as part of a strategy for change.

Leave aside the debate about whether socialism *means* economic planning (and the dreams of even the most decentralised socialist assume a significant measure of national planning). An election platform of 'Labour for a planned economic strategy' hardly touches the minds and hearts of the voter. (The TUC's motif, 'Rebuilding the infrastructure', falls off the end of a banner, Edmonds snorted last year.) As Edmonds objects, Hain's 'logic' can get in the way of politics. And politics means: 'You've got to find those points in your philosophy that happen to be popular at a particular time and work out from that.' This doesn't mean offering a megaphone to the loudest voices — as both Hain and Edmonds agree, this has for too long been the 'white, middle-aged male'. It means taking up issues which the 'underdogs' feel matter and giving them a strong political thrust.

Such issues, Edmonds repeats, are job creation, low wages, health and safety. They may not be popular with the dominant, well organised workers in well paid jobs. They could be with the 4 million unemployed, the 8.6 estimated to receive low pay (under £115 a week or its part-time equivalent), or workers in small firms where the serious accident rate has notably increased in the last six years.

This line of thought projects further into the future than the focus of the once dominant unions on plans to revive heavy industry. 'We're going', says Edmonds unhesitatingly, 'to have a much more heavily based service economy.' Casual, part-time, home-based workers, small firms in the tourist or M4 microchip belt; workplaces which have no labour movement tradition, no health and safety committees, where labour is mobile. People are going to be harder to organise, their bargaining power significantly smaller.

There's not much point in looking at that future and imagining the strong and well organised few pulling up the rest on their coat tails. Unions will have to rethink how people organise for their economic rights. More fundamentally, perhaps, unions will have to start thinking in terms of the individual worker having economic rights.

'So the law, it seems to me, has to have a much bigger role'. Edmonds has spoken on this theme several times recently, including it as the 'keynote' of his address to his union conference. It's not about the legal rights of *unions*; it's about the rights of *workers*. It's an emphasis which demands a fundamental change of attitude by unions towards the law.

John Sturrock/Network

Peter Hain: wants to 'empower people locally'

He knows it will not find favour amongst the current trains of union thought, from the EETPU to TASS. Nonetheless, he is evangelistic about it, and believes the whole movement should be, taking up a campaign for workers' rights that can be waged now against a Conservative government. 'The law ought to declare a series of minimum rights, pay, hours, holidays but also much more: equal opportunities, job security, health and safety, the right to representation, to raise grievances and so on.' The law should also declare general principles of workers' rights.

The power of such a campaign, Edmonds thinks, is manifold. Unions could catch public attention with individual cases of accident or rotten wages. It puts unions on the side of the poor and exploited. It's a campaign that does not depend on getting Labour into office and doing behind-the-scenes deals. And while such basic rights do not exist in law, people are under the illusion that they do, in some sort of Napoleonic code. 'People always fight harder for rights they think they already have' Edmonds says.

FOR ALL HIS emphasis on the popular, Edmonds is still talking in terms of what leaders can do and say that will rouse their members. Everything takes second place to that need for leaders to display political acumen. It's Hain who, as much from his role as a backroom thinker as his background in the libertarian Left, worries about the actual structures that can change Labour politics when evanescent popular feeling has gone.

Could a Labour government promote local involvement in job creation or wage redistribution through a sytem of rewards? For instance, it could make certain grants, tax relief, or alterations in corporation tax conditional on a company achieving greater pay quality or creating more jobs. The scheme could be administered by some sort of local enterprise board. It would consolidate political change in new structures: unless we break away from nationally imposed limits and vague talk of a better life, 'people will never come to grips with their own priorities, never take decisions about what they think is important.' He calls it 'empowering people locally.'

But would such detailed pressure on ordinary workers to face up to their own priorities create the change in national mood which Edmonds is looking for? 'You've got to focus people's attentions very very strongly on a limited number of major objectives which are regarded as universally extremely important.'

But how do you do this without changing the structures through which people express their moods? Take for example the issue of public support for unions. The lack of it in the 1970s ushered in one of the most damaging periods for unions in their history. The recovery from that nadir is halting. Edmonds is acutely aware of the problem. 'There's a strong trend in the labour movement which says "to hell with public opinion. If you've got the power you can do without it". The problem is that in more and more industries we *haven't* got the power to ignore public opinion.' Again, although the workers in the service industries have day-to-day contact with consumers, and are often unjustly blamed if the bus is not on time or the window not repaired, 'the trouble is we haven't either recognised it or done anything about it. There are many consumer groups whom we've allowed to become committed to the idea that we are part of the problem'.

So doesn't that mean new *structures* for managing enterprises — with consumer and worker involvement? More urgently, doesn't it need new structures for union campaigns? Yes, Edmonds agrees. And yet in the first test for his union, the campaign against gas privatisation, he frankly admits the union failed; and that was because it made the political mistake of not formally involving consumer groups.

He intends it to be different in the campaign against privatisation of the water industry. He has already attended one big conference, where he shared opposition to privatisation with groups like Greenpeace and Friends of the Earth, and his speech concentrated more on the quality of our water than his members' jobs. But will he initiate a new form of organisation to oppose it? Another matter.

Peter Hain thinks we are seeing the union movement divide into three — the right-wing

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business unions, the hard Left bloc and the soft Left coming up through the middle. If he is right, then Edmonds could emerge as part of the national leadership of this.

It's a role that Edmonds in part accepts. He is breaking free from the old role of GMBATU: the union which could always be relied on to deliver its votes to the NEC or TUC, he says wryly. He doesn't want to be a Godfather Basnett, sorting out troubles discreetly out of the public glare. Indeed, his whole approach to shaking up the unions depends on getting the public glare. With his ex-colleague Larry Whitty ensconced as General Secretary of the Labour Party he should be well placed.

But will they think beyond the tunnel of the 'run-up to the next election'?

ONLY MAGGIE WON'T PLAY

AFTER 13 YEARS WAIT — FREEDOM OF INFO

As long as there's *some* change of Government, we should see a long overdue Freedom of Information Bill passed soon says CHRISTOPHER PRICE

AS THE END of the present Conservative regime becomes a real prospect, preparations for the parliamentary battle for freedom of information are accelerating. Next Tuesday (1 July) a seminar attended by legal experts and eminent ex-civil servants will reinforce what is now a wide 'Establishment' consensus on the issue. How far that consensus has extended to the political parties will become clear when the seminar is wound up by Gerald Kaufman for Labour, Shirley Williams for the Alliance and Sir Ian Gilmore for the Conservatives.

The fact that the government will not be sending a minister to the event is an indication that is has not moved on this issue since it was elected in 1979. Although both Leon Brittan, the ex-Home Secretary, and Michael Havers, the Attorney General, made strong statements in opposition in early 1979 about the need to reform the Official Secrets Act, they made only half-hearted efforts in government. Their gesture towards reform — the Protection of Official Information Bill — was dropped in 1979 before it reached the Commons in the midst of the Anthony Blunt spy scandal. The government then abandoned all attempts at legislative reform and escalated the use of the Official Secrets Act prosecutions — until they were brought up short by the acquittals of Clive Ponting in 1985 and the Cyrpus servicemen last year.

It is true they agreed not to obstruct the ultra-wet Conservative MP for Hornchurch, Robin Squire's, Local Government Freedom of Information private member's bill last year. But their support for the Bill had more to do with harassing local councils than with any belief in freedom of information. Moreover, local government information did not impinge on 'security'. *Local* government officers, apart from a small number of chief executives, are not formally bound by the Official Secrets Act.

This 13-year period of 'freedom of information' stalemate is now coming to an end. In 1973 the Franks Committee recommended official secrets reform, while pooh poohing any pressing need for 'freedom of information'. Since then successive governments have tried to decouple official secrets reform legislation from freedom of information legislation. This was certainly the attitude of Labour from 1974 to 1979; and, when the Conservatives' 1979 Protection of Official Information Bill was introduced, it failed because even right-wing newspapers saw that it made matters worse.

Reforming official secrets without introducing freedom of information turned out to be no reform at all. The Protection of Official Information Bill would simply have had the effect of making the Official Secrets Act tighter and more efficient. Since then, government policy has been to resort to prosecutions — in the hope that stern judicial summings up followed by jury convictions would reinstate the credibility of the Official Secrets Act and avoid the need for legislative reform. These efforts have also collapsed in failure. A package of both measures — reform of the OSA and Freedom of Information legislation — is now the only realistic legislative possibility.

THIS IS THE AGENDA for the 1 July seminar. Its aims are at once general and specific. The general objective is to convince an audience of the 'great and the good' — who will, it is hoped, permeate the message wider — that in the US, Canada and Australia, to say nothing of the Scandinavian countries, freedom of information laws have already materially contributed to real social and economic wellbeing; and that one of the reasons for Britain's low social and economic achievement is its endemic addiction to secrecy.

The specific message is probably more important. It is to spell out the fact that a broadly agreed Freedom of Information Bill which simultaneously reforms the Official Secrets Act and introduces a public right of access to certain information can now be introduced on an agreed Establishment agenda. The terms of reference are understood: the exemptions are agreed — a draft Bill is there for the asking.

The phrases for the exemptions have been exhaustively discussed:

1. 'seriously impair defence, security or foreign relations, other than with the European Community'
2. 'assist in the commission of crime or impede law enforcement'
3. 'normally be protected by lawyer/client privilege'
4. 'give an unfair advantage to the competitors of the client concerned or impair the ability of the department or authority to obtain similar information in future'
5. 'constitute an unwarranted invasion of an individual's privacy'
6. 'reveal the advice given by an individual'

They cover a multitude of areas for potential cover-up. But they also provide a framework within which ordinary government information might become more freely available. An 'Information Commissioner', modelled on the existing Ombudsman, would arbitrate between the government and those seeking the information.

The defence and security exemptions are designed to reassure the security services — possibly a vain quest, but a worthwhile one in the attempt to roll back a 'secrecy' society. Probably the most difficult area involves not security but the capitalist ethic; exemption 4 — 'commercial in confidence'. It is the English (but not the Scandinavian) income tax ethic — which assumes that, if taxation is to be collected from a willing citizenry, this can only take place on the basis of individuals trading secret information to an equally secret host. If individuals, or companies (or even political parties, in the view of some politicians), are to compete, they can only do so on the basis of secrecy. In the US the concept of public health or public safety considerations overriding this capitalist competitive right is steadily being established by the courts; the prospect of a similar balance being legislated in Britain after the next election will be a major issue on the agenda of the seminar.

The success of the Campaign so far is measured by the fact that the array of talented mandarin folk that will assemble for the seminar will discuss not the principle of official secrets act reform and a public right of access to official information, but the details. They assume the general battle about the public's right to know has been won over the years and consolidated by the nuclear arguments since Chernobyl.

Sir Douglas Wass, who spent most of his life assembling secret Treasury documents, is presenting a paper describing in exact detail the legislation necessary to open up his documents to the public view. The small print is there already, all that is now necessary is the political will from the next government (whether Labour, hung or wet-Tory) to put broadly agreed legislation through both Houses of Parliament in their first term. □

* *The seminar will be held before an invited audience at the Barbican Conference Centre, 1 July, 10.30 am: 'What should the next government do about access to official information?*

Christopher Price is co-chair of the Campaign for Freedom of Information and Director of Leeds Polytechnic.

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The price of food would soar without them.

Fertilizers do more than simply increase crop yields and livestock output: they reduce the cost of food production – by a dramatic 70% in the case of wheat. You can imagine how that affects the price of a loaf of bread.

If we had no fertilizers, the price of food to the consumer would automatically increase: a loaf of bread would cost considerably more than at present. The efficient use of fertilizers by farmers has played a vital role in keeping all food prices down.

Without them, food imports would rise considerably, with an unpleasant impact on our balance of payments. Agriculture's direct contribution to our gross domestic product – around £5,000 million in 1985 – would drop, making matters even worse.

Of course, the current surpluses in production resulting from recent agricultural policy present a new challenge. But the farming industry has a proven record of successful adaptation to change.

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There's no mystique to fertilizers. They're natural chemicals, part of the normal cycle of plant nutrition required for healthy growth. They increase the fertility of the soil, as animal manure does.

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What better reason for Britain's farmers to make the most of them, and for ICI to take pride in being Britain's leading fertilizer manufacturer.

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MEDIA

The station nobody wanted

ANNE KARPF

IT'S A FAIR bet that, to almost the entire British population, INR is one of the least meaningful sets of initials in existence. It stands for Independent National Radio, a national commercial radio network which may well be blasting out of our trannies in four year's time. And not only has no-one beyond the radio professionals ever heard of it, it also seems that almost none of *them* are in favour of it either. Perfect material for a heart-tugging children's story: The Radio Station No-one Wanted.

But as in all good children's stories, this poor creature has found a saviour, and a powerful one too — the Independent Broadcasting Authority. The IBA's Director of Radio, John Thompson, has adopted it as his personal baby, winning his IBA colleagues round to the idea, and persuading the government to allocate it a VHF-FM frequency from 1990.

What especially commends INR to Thompson, the IBA (and presumably the government) is that it would be part of the wave of deregulation, breaking the monopoly of BBC national radio which, argues Thompson, is the last monopoly in British domestic broadcasting.

But the commercial radio stations don't agree. The prospect of INR, according to Radio Wyvern, Worcester's commercial station, is 'a choice between a firing squad and a crucifixion'. The Association of Independent Radio Contractors, which represents all the commercial radio stations, concurs, and at its annual congress next month will ask the IBA to stop negotiations for a transmitter to run INR.

Many in commercial radio believe that INR would decimate their stations. They argue, and the evidence supports them, that there just isn't enough advertising to go round. The ads are thinly stretched already between ITV, Channel 4, and commercial local radio. The leaks from the Peacock Committee indicate that it will recommend selling off of Radios 1 and 2 to the private sector, to be financed by advertising. Add INR and it's a buyers' market gone mad. The Tories have seized on advertising as the salvation of broadcasting, without taking heed of the limits (let alone the limitations) of the market.

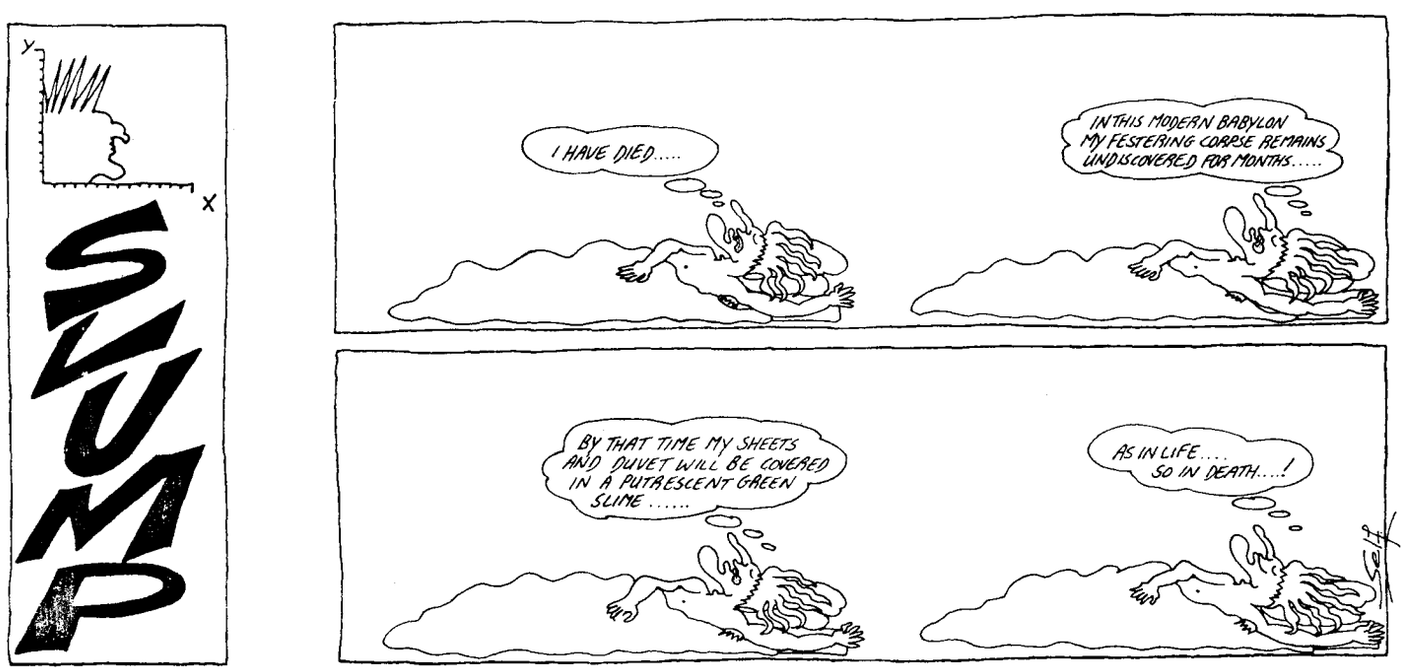
Already a lot of the commercial radio stations are almost going to the wall. Twenty of the 46 are barely breaking even, or operating at a loss. They claim that this is because the transmitter rental charges they have to pay the IBA are cripplingly high, though the IBA has now pegged them for six months to give the stations a breather.

But the future of INR isn't just a yes/no question. There's also the issue of if yes, what kind of station will it be — news and speech-based, or a music station? The commercial local radio stations are implacably opposed to a national music station, convinced that above all it would cream off their advertising, though others argue that only a rock 'n' roll station for yuppie baby-boomers could succeed financially. A news and speech network costs big money (Radio 4 costs £40 million a year). What's more, it's notoriously difficult to lure listeners onto VHF-FM. Only around 50 per cent of radio sets have it, and only 20 per cent of listeners (knowingly) listen to it. Could an FM speech station attract enough advertising, especially if it set out to do quality minority programming?

In contrast to Channel 4, there has been very little evidence that listeners want it. Discussion has centred more on whether it's viable than about actual programme content. Those dissatisfied with the present system have devoted their energies to community radio rather than to an INR, and with good reason. Community radio, Tory ideology notwithstanding, still offers the possibility of a different structure of ownership and control, while INR would almost certainly bring more of the same. There are those who say that the commercial sector should improve and change the existing stations before they get a crack at an INR.

Not everyone on the Left agrees. At a public meeting to discuss INR at the ICA last month, Parminda Vir, late of the GLC, argued that INR offered a unique opportunity for Black national, popular radio programming, which could attract large advertising revenue. 'Ebony', she pointed out, got the same ratings as 'Arena', and Black music sustains most of the pirate radio stations. Getting the structure right, she wisely maintained, was the key.

We can dream about a challenging, radical, national radio station but, dependent on advertising, and with the IBA in charge, it's unlikely to materialise. Another prospect is more likely. The local commercial stations are increasingly in thrall to the sponsors, and play syndicated tapes (distributed free by PR companies) of interviews and reports promoting products and services. My hunch is that a speech-based INR would become a PR klondike, a haven for every sponsor and freebie tape to pad out the programming. The Radio Station Which Only The IBA and PR Companies Wanted. □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SUMP
I HAVE DIED.....
IN THIS MODERN BABYLON MY FESTERING CORPSE REMAINS UNDISCOVERED FOR MONTHS.....
BY THAT TIME MY SHEETS AND DUVET WILL BE COVERED IN A PUTRESCENT GREEN SLIME.....
AS IN LIFE.... SO IN DEATH....!

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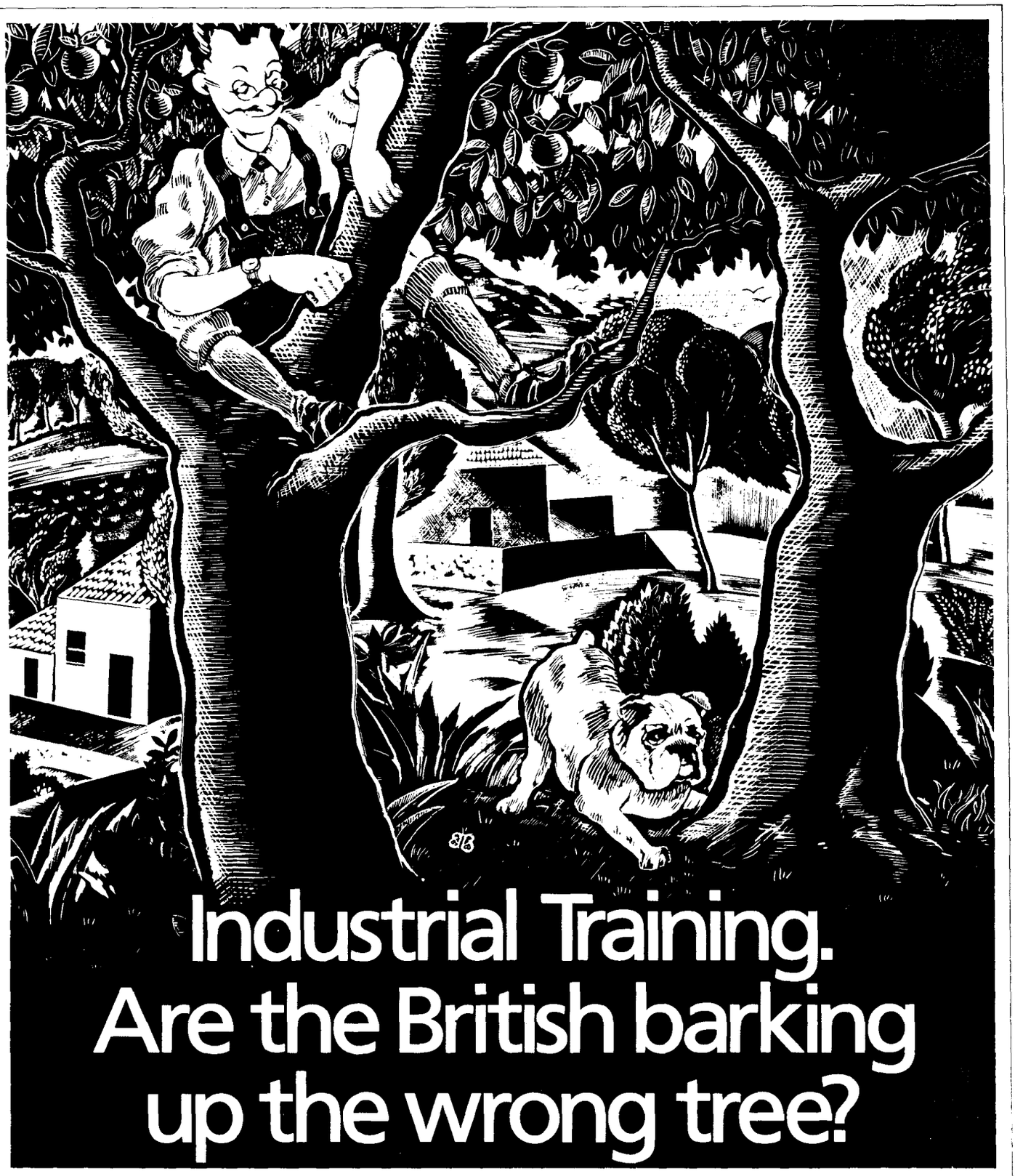

Industrial Training. Are the British barking up the wrong tree?

Vincenz Trosch is training to become a forester and huntsman in Germany. After 4 years of practical, on-the-job learning, he will take a long written examination. Only if he passes will he become a 'Meister' huntsman.

But this isn't his job. It's his hobby. For his job as a 'Meister' electrician, the training was even more intensive.

Does this reflect simply a difference in national characteristics or something more profound in our approach to industrial training and job security?

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DIARY

David Edgar

Some years ago, I scripted an adaptation of *Nicholas Nickleby* for the RSC, which caused a minor kind of stir at the time and which has been recently remounted. Having played short seasons in Stratford, Newcastle and Manchester (with, it must be said, mixed success at the box office), *Nickleby* Mark Two has finally resurfaced in of all places Los Angeles. I say 'of all places', but in fact the Angelenos have taken the show to their hearts, giving the old thing a response which I think exceeds that which Mark One attracted in New York five years ago — (and certainly goes way beyond the mealy-mouthed response of the London critics to the original production). My excuse for being there was to take the strain of the radio interviews (all on stations called things like KPAC and KPOW), while the other folks were busy rehearsing and previewing what remains an $8\frac{1}{2}$ hour entertainment. One of the points frequently made by self-denigrating interviewers was that Californians have, as is known, a concentration span previously defined by the maximum ad-free duration of an American television show (about ten minutes), then by the average length of an American TV news item (about 90 seconds) and now by the length of time it takes to reach for the remote control. But in their self-effacing way, they all omit to mention the upside (I am groping — I think vainly — for the opposite of 'downside') of this phenomenon — which is that during those ten minutes, or 90 seconds or whatever, they work extraordinarily hard. Their rate of uptake is, in short, Olympian; and despite the strange accents and peculiar, alien concepts in *Nickleby* (class, honour, things like that), they have been quicker on the comprehension draw than I think any audience the show has ever had. And after the initial shock of not being reminded of the virtues of Dr Pepper or Mr Whippy six times an hour, I think they rather go for the length of it too.

○

The notion of speed is one that stays in your mind in Southern California. Anyone who goes to America is surprised by how slow it is and how many queues you have to stand in (albeit described more anodynely as 'lines'). This used to be more a feature of the East coast than the West; but not to be outdone, California has invented a new concept to slow you down. When I was here last, the very swankiest of restaurants offered 'valet parking'. Now the 'service' is more or less universal, applying not only to the most modest of hotels but also to the humblest of hostelries (I think, with some affection, of the famous, but undoubtedly down-market, Barney's Beanery). So in addition to the lengthy queue for your table (even if you've booked, where you can book, and often for an hour if you haven't), there is the line to hand over your car to the waiting 'valet' and an often considerable wait at the other end for even the most astute attendant to find it and bring it back. I'd sure as hell hate to be in a hurry in this town.

○

Should this tempt anyone into throwing the whole thing up and walking, then they should beware. Some years ago, it was known that anyone walking more than a block in Beverly Hills was liable to get arrested by a police department known universally as the Gestapo: then there came diverting tales of teams of professional burglars in tracksuits and Adidas. Now almost all homes west of the San Diego freeway boast in the driveway the chilling notice: 'Armed Response'. I was not the first Brit to inquire of two hosts whether this meant that the householder had a shotgun in the garage. Oh, no, I was told. There's a guy in a pick-up down the street and, if anyone frightens the maid, it's a damn sight more than a shot-gun, he can tell you.

○

I was not quite driven to armed response at the terminal at Los Angeles airport on the way home, but it was a near thing. Because each airline has its own terminal, they are smaller, tattier, nastier and a deal less well-provided than those under the auspices of the British Airports Authority. At the Pan Am terminal, for instance, there is a Duty Free shop, or more accurately a Duty Free counter, from which you can order (rather than purchase) goods from an inadequate and as ever overpriced range of liquors (no wines — in California!) and a grossly restricted selection of smokeables (my partner smokes cigars, but apparently no-

one at Pan Am does). Because they don't have even this lot actually on the premises, you have to place your order at least an hour in advance, to pick up at the point of boarding. As the world knows, you are required to check in for international flights an hour in advance. That is, of course, before you hit the check-in line. As it gave me great pleasure to remark, presumably the Pan American duty free shop doesn't actually want anybody's business. It's great to see the enterprise culture in action.

○

But now I must stop all this. There is much to complain of in greater Los Angeles and the people who plan sales at the airports, and who draw up the extortionate rates for 'valet parking' — and indeed drive pick-ups armed to the teeth — are of course people too, but then so are our wonderful and generous and spontaneous audiences and the folks who roller skate up and down the front at Venice Beach (that being, of course, Venice, Calif.), as if locked in a 'Me Decade' time-warp, and the municipal authorities of the Peoples' Republic of Santa Monica (who provide fast, and free self-help parking facilities, from which it is a short and safe walk to the best socialist bookstore west of the Mississippi), and indeed those bright young entrepreneurs, who invented the predictable concept of healthy fast food, but who came up with the unbelievably glorious notion of a bean curd ice-cream called Tofutti Frutti. For this is indeed a kind of paradise and it would be deceiving the public if I left the matter of valet-parking without mentioning the nature of the object I was valet-parking in. For many years before I was even clear where California was, I had nursed the simple ambition to proceed, very slowly, with the windows shut and the air conditioning at full blast (not to mention radio stations called things like KPOW) down boulevards called things like Sunset and Ventura, in a motorised vehicle called an Oldsmobile. It may yet be that *Nickleby* bombs in LA. But at least, for one blissful week, I have been able to tell valet-parkers from downtown to the ocean that 'mine's the white Olds' — and for it to be true.

ROGER WODDIS

File on 5

Allegations of unlawful acts by MI5, disclosed in the memoirs of a former MI5 officer and produced in an Australian court this week, include burglary, bugging of friendly embassies and a plot to assassinate President Nasser during the Suez crisis

The law, which is made by Parliament,
Is really a load of excrement.
Its courts of justice are held in awe,
But we, thank God, are above the law.
The licensed perpetrators we
Of dirty deeds done in secrecy;
All of them, as you may have guessed,
Are done in the national interest,
Which may explain why some connive
At a slightly criminal M15.

Are we as bad as the other side?
That, we're afraid, is classified.
A bug in a wall or behind a bust
Is merely a sign of mutual trust.
As for a terrorist murder plot,
That's patriotic, is it not?
We bend the law and we go beyond,
But proudly claim our word is our Bond,
Which demonstrates how hard we strive
For freedom and truth in MI5.

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Montage: Leon Kuhn

'Of course we will sit down with the black underground.' S.African Govt. spokesman. (17.6.86.)

BLACK UNIONS ESCALATE FIGHT AGAINST RAMBOTHA

As the British government continues to refuse to help curtail the agony of Black South Africa by imposing systematic sanctions, news is leaking out about what's been happening under the State of Emergency. PHILLIP VAN NIEKERK reports

Johannesburg

SOUTH AFRICA'S BLACK trade union movement has been driven underground by the State of Emergency, inspiring a wave of wildcat protest strikes, particularly in the large chain stores in the country's industrial heartland of the Witwatersrand.

More than 120 unionists have been detained in the dragnet in which an unknown number of people — estimated to be up to 3,000 — have been caught since the Emergency was declared on 12 June. Fearing detention, hundreds more unionists have gone into hiding.

Those being held include high-profile officials of both the Congress of South African Trade Unions (COSATU) and the smaller Council of Unions of South Africa (CUSA). However, the bulk of union detainees are shop stewards and grassroots union organisers and their absence has disrupted the day-to-day operations of the unions. Because of the Emergency regulations, the names of detainees are not allowed to be published.

THE CRACKDOWN against the unions is the most extensive since 1976 when 26 union leaders were detained and when the new wave of unionisation of Black workers was still in its infancy after being reborn in the Durban strikes of 1973. After the '76 clampdown most of the strongest Black unions, including COSATU's predecessor, the Federation of South African Trade Unions (FOSATU), shied away from political engagement with the state, preferring to build up their strength on the shopfloor first.

From 1981 that gradually began to change as the unions grew increasingly sensitive to the interests of their members outside the

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workplace. FOSATU crossed an important barrier in November 1984 when it played a key role in a two-day stayaway which paralysed the Transvaal.

Since the formation of the half-million-strong COSATU in December last year, Black unions have played an increasingly important role within the broad anti-apartheid struggle. COSATU has participated in campaigns inside the country alongside the United Democratic Front and a COSATU delegation met leaders of the outlawed African National Congress in Lusaka in March.

This new-found status of the unions within the liberation struggle was acknowledged by the government in a backhand way when — in contrast to the last State of Emergency, which was lifted in March — the unions were this time hit as hard as other activist organisations.

COSATU'S MOST crucial contribution to the opposition cause this year has been its role in the general strikes of 1 May and 16 June. On both occasions up to two million Black workers participated. The strike on 16 June, Soweto Day, which went ahead after the Emergency was declared, was even larger than the May Day stayaway, the first national general strike since the early sixties and, before 16 June, the most extensive ever.

The 16 June strike also dispelled the long-held claim that work stayaways in South Africa are successful because 'intimidators' stop people going to work. The huge ring of security forces around and inside the townships ensured that there was no way people going to work could have been hindered on the way in or out by intimidators.

The commemoration of Soweto Day was a clear statement of political sentiment by a large section of South Africa's Black workers. The strike was widespread in all the main centres except Durban and in all industrial sectors except, surprisingly, in the mines. It is unclear exactly why mineworkers, who have previously been active in defending their own wages, didn't participate in the 16 June strike, but it must be in part due to the fact that they are mostly migrant workers — 40 per cent are foreign nationals — and cut off from the mood of the townships.

While the stayaway revealed that Black workers are quite prepared to take action on political issues, the strikes at the chain stores, mainly by members of the Commercial, Catering and Allied Workers' Union (CCAWUSA) revealed an even deeper level of commitment. Workers began taking actions, which included sit-ins and sleep-ins in the stores, on the Friday after the Emergency was declared. CCAWUSA's offices were among those which were raided and several union officials were detained. Others who were not in the office at the time the police arrived went into hiding.

Worker demands have included the release of union officials, the lifting of the emergency, the unbanning of the ANC and the release of political leaders such as Nelson Mandela. Within the first week of the action up to 60 stores had gone on strike, the entire workforces of several striking stores were detained and retail managers were angrily demanding an interview with the minister of law and order, Louis Le Grange.

Much of what has taken place in the stores cannot be described because the Emergency regulations bar any reporting on action taken by security forces. However, it has irritated and frightened many store managers and further angered the striking workers.

When the chain stores were hit by the strike wave, employers phoned the CCAWUSA offices to attempt to resolve the issue. No one was in the office: the union's officials had either been detained or were in hiding. Since then, the only contact with union officials has been occasional calls from anonymous telephone booths around Johannesburg. The large-scale arrests of trade union and community leaders have created the potential for even more large-scale industrial unrest and futher alienated a large section of this English-speaking business community from the government.

Mike Sandar, managing director of the giant chemical and explosives conglomerate AECI, said of the detention of unionists: 'We have dealt with these people for years. They play a constructive role in resolving conflict in the community and in our factories and their absence is posing serious problems. They should be charged or released.'

The State of Emergency has seriously deflated the image of power which the country's English-speaking business community once exuded. Business leaders' increasingly outspoken criticism of the government's handling of the country's crisis has been pointedly ignored.

'If the South African government can so easily choose to ignore the overseas sanctions lobby, it is hardly going to allow itself to be pressured by big business', Mervyn King, the managing director of Kirsh Industries, owner of two of the country's largest chain stores, said. 'The government has not appreciated the serious consequences of the State of Emergency to businessmen (sic).'

For the unions, which have operated above board since their formation in 1973, the Emergency and the heightened levels of repression pose the problem of working effectively underground. The question is whether the pockets of resistance seen at Johannesburg chain stores can develop into a more generalised opposition to the State. With other activist organisations in the townships apparently stiffled by the biggest crackdown since 1960, a lot of hope is pinned on the labour movement. □

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NUCLEAR SCORCHED EARTH

IF WE GO, YOU GO WITH US

Afrikaners are prepared to nuke the townships, says SUZANNE CRONJE

SOMEWHERE IN Whitehall there are contingency plans for military intervention in South Africa. They were conceived to deal with the possibility of a Black pro-Soviet government coming to power in Pretoria and threatening the 'Cape Route'. But in recent months the scenario has changed, and there is now an additional 'threat' which is muttered about in Whitehall but for which there are no contingency plans: the nightmare of the extreme right wing taking over and gaining control over South Africa's nuclear weapons.

The spectacle last month of flag-waving neo-nazis stopping one of President P. W. Botha's colleagues from addressing a party rally merely confirmed what intelligence reports had already suggested: the Afrikaner 'volk' is being driven back into the laager. The truth is that this right wing hysteria has come in very handy for the Botha government, which wishes to persuade the world that white South Africa would rather perish than reform, whatever the wishes of 'liberals' like Botha. In fact, there are only subtle gradations between Botha's National Party and the 'extra-parliamentary' Afrikaner Weerstands Beweging (AWB) on the extreme Right. Two National Party (NP) splinter groups which are represented in parliament are in an informal alliance both with the AWB and with the NP government. Botha himself was on the fringes of a neo-fascist organization which admired Hitler in World War II, and for 14 years as Defence Minister he was regarded as a right wing hawk. It was under him that South Africa developed its nuclear weapons.

There is no doubt that Pretoria has a nuclear capability* and the means of delivering such weapons. Three days after the atomic explosion over the Atlantic Ocean in 1979, which has since been shown to have been originated by South Africa, probably with Israeli assistance, Botha said that his government was in possession of 'military weapons they [the outside world] do not know about'.

Some senior officials favour a more open use of the nuclear threat; significantly, they are members of the shadowy State Security Council (SSC), dominated by the military, which has become more important than the cabinet and by-passes parliamentary procedure. Its members include Botha; Defence Minister Magnus Malan; Professor Lukas Daniel Barnard, head of the National

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Intelligence Service (NIS), the organization which succeeded BOSS; Justice Minister H. J. Coetsee; and three generals.

Barnard was trained in the US in nuclear technology. He feels that the disclosure of South Africa's nuclear strength would be useful in anti-sanctions diplomacy. And Coetsee, as deputy Defence Minister, when talking about the need to stem the 'Black tide': 'as a country with a nuclear capability, it would be very stupid not to use it if nuclear weapons were needed, as a last resort to defend ourselves'.

DEFENCE AGAINST what? If the Black insurgency cannot be controlled by the draconian new security measures, white supremacy will come to an end sooner rather than later. Yet neither Botha nor the white extremists are prepared to concede this.

Eugene Terre' Blanche, the leader of the AWB, is simply more outspoken than most members of Botha's so-called reformist government. He predicts a war with the African National Congress which will be 'the bloodiest revolution Africa has ever seen'. It will be war to the bitter end: 'I can only say that the AWB consists of white Christians who believe in this struggle for survival'. Should they ever find themselves in the position of the whites of Mozambique and Angola, 'We must pay with our lives, we will violently resist with all the innate power in us.'

There is no doubt that Terre' Blanche's concept of 'innate power' would include nuclear weapons, if he could get his hands on them and if he felt that the Black revolution was unstoppable. The Afrikaner, he says, 'will assert himself in a counter-offensive with all the power he can muster'.

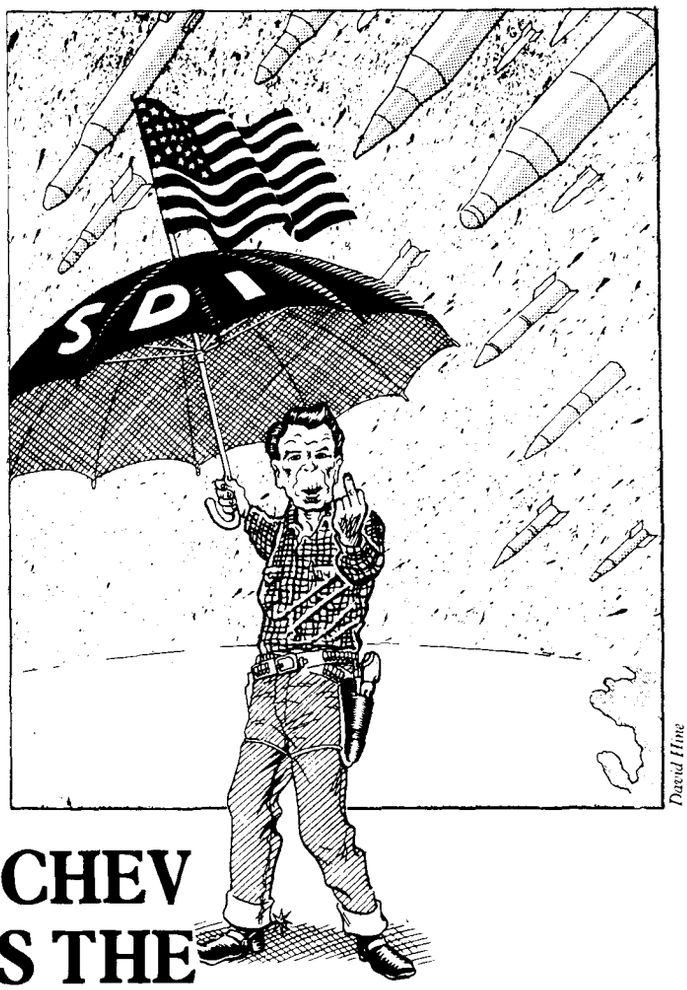
Terre' Blanche has predicted that the conservatives will sweep into power in the Transvaal and Orange Free State in the next election 'as sure as I am sitting here'. There are rumours that Botha has been advised by the West to call a surprise election after the extraordinary meeting of the National Party in August, before the extreme Right can grow even further. He doesn't need to go to the country before 1989; but that would be too late, according to some Western analysts. The South African police and the permanent force of the army have been infiltrated by the AWB and security personnel in general support right-wing parties.

While Terre' Blanche may be more impetuous than Botha, the SSC is also capable of resorting to nuclear weapons against its own civilian population. This fact has not yet sunk in, judging from the opposition put up by the West to international demands for the exclusion of South Africa from the International Atomic Energy Agency. The reason given by Pretoria's supporters is familiar: a punitive suspension would deprive them of the influence they need to persuade South Africa to sign the Non-Proliferation Treaty. Meanwhile, membership of the Agency allows South Africa to acquire vital technical knowhow and make valuable contacts for its nuclear plans.

Paper delivered by Abdul S. Minty to the international seminar on the UN arms embargo against South Africa, London, May 1986.

STAR WARS: THE SOVIETS REPLY

Reprinted from *Space Wars* by Martin Ince and David Hine, Camden Press. Reviewed on p.30.



David Hine

GORBACHEV COURTS THE PRESIDENT

Gorbachev is staking his domestic power on trying to improve East-West relations. The US hawks will have a field day if he fails. MISHA GLENNY reports

Vienna

'WE DO NOT WANT to close the doors: a new meeting with the President of the USA is possible. But this of course requires the type of atmosphere which can open up perspectives which may lead to real agreements. We have told this to President Reagan and to the whole world . . . logically this begs the question, as to whether Washington wants a new meeting or not. Or are the negotiations concerning this merely an attempt to fool world public opinion?'

These words, uttered two weeks ago by Mikhail Gorbachev during the first sitting of the Soviet Comminst Party's central committee since the 27th Congress at the end of March, are not the propaganda cry of a totalitarian dictator. They express the fears of a worried man. Increasingly, the young General Secretary is concentrating his energy on East/West relations. He is spending less time trying to resuscitate the stagnant Soviet economy, leaving that to his recently promoted appointees, above all the Prime Minister Nikholai Ryzhkov.

Gorbachev has staked a lot on his ability to come to some sort of reasonable agreement with the Americans. He has placed an especially large bet on the outcome of the summit process, which began last November in Geneva.

Not all interested parties within the Soviet Union are quite so optimistic about the summits, going so far as to doubt the widsom of the policy. Three weeks ago the highest consultative body of the Warsaw Pact met in the Hungarian capital, whence it released the Budapest Appeal. The proposals are unlikely to form the basis of a new round of conventional and nuclear arms reductions talks, if only because spokespeople from the US and NATO have rather cold-shouldered them.

The meeting itself afforded little insight into the tensions within the Soviet leadership, but the press conferences and briefings held by Gorbachev's retinue of foreign policy and military experts did. General Nickholai Chevov, a department head in the Soviet Army's Chief of Staff, was noticeably more

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forthright about the chances of a summit. In the wake of the US scrapping Salt II, the Soviet Union is prepared to maintain parity with the US, should it develop the quantity or quality of its conventional of nuclear arsenal, cost what it may, said Chervov, even if that includes the summit.

GORBACHEV NEEDS the summit process, which he sees largely as of his own making, but he is finding it more difficult to convince everybody, particularly the Soviet military with which he doesn't enjoy good relations, that the Americans are ready and able to play ball.

Four things this year have made it difficult for him to insist upon his soft line towards the Americans: their refusal to go along with the nuclear test moratorium; the signing of the SDI treaty between the US and West Germany; the raid on Libya; and the decision to scrap Salt II. All these have weakened Gorbachev's room for manoeuvre. Three of these he can live with, but one, the West German SDI treaty, not only boosts the hand of the military in Washington, it also seriously undermines the other plank of Gorbachev's East-West policy — the strengthening of economic and political ties with Western Europe, both neutral states and members of NATO.

President Reagan's vision of SDI aims to do away with the threat of nuclear weapons by the stationing (probably in space) of an infallible anti-ballistic missile (ABM) system. Although work on SDI is already underway, a decision as to whether the actual ABM system should be set up will not be taken until the early 1990s. At the moment the idea is merely a technological fantasy. The first stage of SDI is intended as a vast research programme. Its chief military significance lies not in the development of the ABM system, but in the spin-off expansion of anti-satellite weapons. During its first phase, SDI is much more a politcal than a military project.

WEST GERMANY is regarded by both the United States and the Soviet Union as the focus of their respective policies in Western Europe. Nobody was surprised when Michael Heseltine signed the British SDI agreement, although some evidence of division within the cabinet at the time is now emerging. After signature there was no queue to join in the beano — other European states continued with their wait-and-see strategy. As soon as the Bundestag ratified the SDI agreement, Italy, Spain and Israel quickly followed, announcing their keen interest in participating. Even France, hitherto the champion of the European Eureka project, decided it too might want to have a slice of the cake.

The West German treaty was signed by the Economics Minister and leader of the junior coalition partner (the FDP), Martin Bangemann, on 27 March this year. Bangemann and his party colleague, Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher, thus capitulated to the wishes of Chancellor Kohl after a struggle which had lasted over a year. Initially the FDP was against SDI in principle. Later Bangemann said he would sign provided that contracts offered to West Germany industry within the programme were of a civilian nature only. He failed on the latter point as well.

A week after ratification, the Americans, riding on the crest of a wave, bombed Libya. They had to wait until the West German SDI deal was signed, sealed and delivered before they could afford to undertake the raids on Tripoli and Beghazi. Three days before the bombing, the West German press had got hold of the full text of the treaty, which until this point has been kept secret, not only from the Bundestag, which agreed to its implementation, but even from some cabinet members. In addition to the treaty, *Der Spiegel* also published some pertinent correspondence between two of the agreement's negotiators, Richard Perle, and Loreny Schomerus.

The provisions of the agreement must have provoked considerable curiosity, particularly in the United Kingdom, where the British would have compared it with their secret agreement. Other governments just starting SDI negotiations will have also scrutinised it carefully. One aspect of the treaty was especially incongruous — the West Germans were requested to introduce new laws to tighten up the sale of sensitive technology to 'certain countries'. This provision was not restricted to SDI contracts alone, but has a demand for greater vigilance all round. For the first time the West Germans agreed to be bound not by voluntary but by statutory technology transfer controls.

UNTIL NOW THE Paris-based Committee for the Co-ordination of East-West trade COCOM has been responsible for the enforcement of technology transfer restrictions. The toughest opposition with the OECD countries to COCOM has come from West German industrial leaders. West Germany has a very large and growing commercial relationship with the Soviet Union and other COMECON countries.

COCOM generally tries to put a spanner in the works of even apparently harmless trade deals, but in the last two months before the US-West German SDI agreement, two contracts were signed (one worth 800 million marks by Mannesmann and Thyseen for work on the Siberian gas pipeline, the second by the Hoechst subsidiary, Uhde, for the building of a polyester plant worth 1,100 million marks) which were scrutinised and criticised by COCOM, but which West German industrial interests managed to push through.

This type of business is worth considerably more to West Germany than the initial 100 million marks which the SDI contracts are valued at. The Americans must be holding out the promise of bigger contracts in the long run, but only if the West Germans concede the point of domestically-regulated technology controls. This explains why the negotiations were so protracted and indicates a serious division with the West German business community.

The control of technology transfer is the most effective card that recent American Administrations have held over the Soviet Union outside of the military sphere. Mikhail Gorbachev seems to have grasped that the application of scientific research in industry is the Soviet economy's great weakness. During the 27th Party Congress, Western observers were mesmerised by the daring press conferences, and blinded by the admittedly not insignificant turnover of cadres in the Party. But the theme which underpinned all discussion about economic reform, as well as taking up a large part of the general secretary's speech, was the urgent need to speed up the transfer of 'successes in the scientific-technical revolution' into the field of production.

For all the rhetoric about reform, Gorbachev has introduced but one major re-organisation in Soviet domestic policy in the past two years — the complex plan for scientific and technological development to the year 2000, passed by the summit meeting of COMECON in Moscow last December. The complex plan, which is already being implemented, envisages the complete subordination of research in five areas (most urgently computers and robotics) being carried out in all COMECON member countries to massive research institutes in Moscow. This is an impressive, authoritarian project of the Soviet leadership, which brooks no dissent either from the Hungarians or the Romanians, both of whom initially opposed aspects of the plan. From now on all research in the COMECON countries will have but one god — the Soviet economy.

It will, however, be two or three years before any effect of the complex plan will be felt in the production process. In the meantime the United States does all it can to increase the technology gap. Until four months ago, the Reagan Administration had for four years completely ignored the opposition Social Democrats in West Germany, concentrating its efforts on the CDU/CSU Alliance, one of the fruits of which was SDI. This, together with the threat from the Greens, has shifted the SPD to the left on international issues. The party, under its new candidate for Chancellor, Johannes Rau, is feeling confident.

NOT SURPRISINGLY it opposed SDI when it came before the Bundestag in April. Since the arrival, however, in February this year of the new US Ambassador, Germophile Richard Burt, the SPD has become the object of much seductive attention from the Reagan Administration. And for the SPD leadership around the moderate Herr Rau, this is welcome as they can now begin to distance themselves from the rank-and-file Leftists as the general election approaches next year.

On most international issues they have maintained most of their positions of the past four years — negotiating away of cruise and Pershing; opposition to Binary chemical weapons; support for a test-ban treaty. But on one issue — SDI — they have changed their minds. The agreement would not be immediately rescinded, and although it would be the subject of discussion, the feeling inside the SPD at the moment is that it would probably not be revised.

As SDI gains momentum, Mr Gorbachev's policy aim of re-establishing déntente slowly loses credibility inside the Soviet leadership. Defeat for Gorbachev would mean, among other things, giving up the summit process as a bad job. Unfettered from the constraint of having to be seen searching for a dialogue, the American hawks would then start the next round of the arms race way out in front. □

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LETTERS

Sanctions against Smith did work

Seamus Cleary, London WC1

Peter Kellner (*NS* 20 June) repeats two misconceptions about the impact of sanctions. First, he presents the most common of these — that sanctions did not work against Rhodesia. The economic measures imposed by the Wilson government and later by the United Nations were clearly not intended to do other than bring the Smith regime to the negotiating table so that Britain and the rebel regime could reach a mutually acceptable solution.

In this regard, sanctions were successful; Smith entered into public negotiations with the British government on three occasions prior to the collapse of Portugal's African empire. A mutually acceptable agreement between the white minority and the British government was reached (the Smith-Home Agreement) and the fact that it was not put into place was due to the determination of the Zimbabwean people to be free.

More impressive indications of the impact of sanctions were those employed by the South African government against the rebel Rhodesian regime during the Kissinger initiative. The Vorster government sharply cut back the access of Rhodesian exports and imports to the Republic's rail network. The result was Smith agreed to the Kissinger Plan. The South African government's later disillusionment with the Kissinger initiative allowed the Smith regime off the sanctions hook again.

Thus to assert, as Mrs Thatcher (and many others) do that sanctions did not work against Rhodesia is either deliberately to mislead or to have misunderstood the purpose of the sanctions applied against the rebel regime.

The second misconception concerns the statement that economic sanctions would hurt Black South Africans more than the white minority. Rhodesia is often cited in this regard — a contradiction because the Rhodesian example is also cited when detractors wish to argue that sanctions do not work. My research into the impact of sanctions on the cost of living in Rhodesia showed that the rise in the cost of living index for whites was roughly one and a half times that for Africans. Nor should this be surprising; with greater disposable income levels, whites were the consumers of the bulk of imports. There is no reason to suggest that a similar pattern would not emerge were economic sanctions to be applied against South Africa.

As they did in Rhodesia, sanctions against South Africa would help South Africans achieve their own liberation. Mrs Thatcher, President Reagan and Chancellor Kohl and the interests they represent are determined to prevent this. They seek the installation of a government which would encourage the continued exploitation of the country's wealth in the interests of overseas interests and a local elite.

Economic sanctions are not a moral question; they are a matter of economic interests.

Abject Labour leadership

Anthony Arblaster, Sheffield

The conjunction of two articles in your 13 June issue combine to throw a devastating light on the present condition and preoccupations of the Labour leadership. On the one hand there was your editorial, which starts off with the bald statement that 'Labour's national leadership has spent most of the last year trying to deal with infiltrators'. Leaving aside that melodramatic term 'infiltrators', this is surely an astonishing confession.

In a country with 4 million unemployed, where the welfare state is being steadily eroded, where the rich get richer and the poor get poorer, it seems almost incredible that the leaders of the principal party of the Left should be so obsessed with the expulsion of a handful of their own members — whether 'infiltrators' or not. Yet it seems to be true. A recent interview with Larry Whitty revealed that the party's General Secretary has spent a third of his time in recent months dealing with the Militant affair.

Then there was Hilary Wainwright's interview with John Smith, Labour's front bench industry spokesperson. I have seldom read such an abject admission of unpreparedness combined with vague and baseless hopes. On multinationals: 'we're scratching about looking for methods of control and influence'. On new areas for public ownership: 'We haven't really got round to that yet.' Runs on the pound? 'I don't think we'll necessarily face those'. Etcetera, etcetera.

Putting together these two articles, what we evidently have is a Labour leadership which is so obsessed with the Militant expulsions that it has hardly begun to think seriously and substantially about how it is going to combat the real enemies of socialism in Britain. I am neither a member nor a supporter of Militant, but if anything justifies their argument that the campaign against them is a diversion from Labour's real tasks, it is your issue of 13 June.

March on, march on, in liberty . . .

Cathie Lloyd, City of London and Westminster Public Order Research Group, 9 Poland St, London W1V 3DG

The article on the Public Order Bill (*NS* 20 June) contains some important omissions.

The Bill has actually only received its second reading in the House of Lords. There may still be important changes in Committee stage, including a new criminal trespass clause. However the debate on 13 June showed some profound unease about the Bill from many speakers including Scarman, Soper and Elwyn Jones.

Important work has been done to raise people's awareness of this legislation throughout its progress through parliament among trade unionists and other groups, despite the supine attitude taken by the TUC itself.

The Public Order Research Group is monitoring the implementation of the Bill by the police. Even though it is not yet law we have noted police attempts to impose conditions on the organisers of marches and pickets. In one recent Anti-Apartheid march in Lambeth the police threatened not to allow banners, and did stop the use of loudhailers by stewards. The march was pressured to move off half an hour early and was forced into one lane of busy traffic.

We are prepared to inform organisers of the sort of approaches the police may take in order to conduct a sort of holding operation. However we think it essential to hold the Labour Party to its pledge to repeal at the earliest opportunity. The legislative safeguards to the right to protest are important but they are thin if the people who organise demonstrations are unaware of their rights.

Rubbishing Jack Cunningham

Roland Boyes MP, Houghton-le-Spring, Tyne and Wear

I have decided not to renew my annual subscription because of your constant personal attacks on Jack Cunningham over the nuclear power issue. I accept that the *New Statesman* has every right to put a view which is opposite to his, though I could see no point in such constant vilification. I refer particularly to a recent article under a column headed 'planning' by Jules Lubbock (*NS* 16 May) which I thought was a disgrace.

Take me to your Leader
BY MOANIN' MINNIE 41
TITUS BLURB IS ON HOLIDAY IN THE HEART OF THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE..
WHAT'S MEADOW?
BEAT FROLIC SIZZLE
HIPPIES WILL BE CUDGELLED
DANGER RADIOACTIVE LAMBS
OS MAP
GALACTIC GUIDE TO THE English Countryside
WARNING ACID RAIN USE ALKALINE UMBRELLAS
LOWER LEAFYNOOK USAF BASE
TRESPASSERS WILL BE NUKED
BEAUTY SPOT (CLOSED MONDAYS) 1'2
Motorway (M5) 1'3/4
DANGER! NOISY LOW-FLYING SUPERSONIC PILOTLESS FIGHTER PLANES ON 'ROUTINE EXERCISES' BE PREPARED - DUCK NOW
BEWARE FALLING BOMBS
JOHN MINNION

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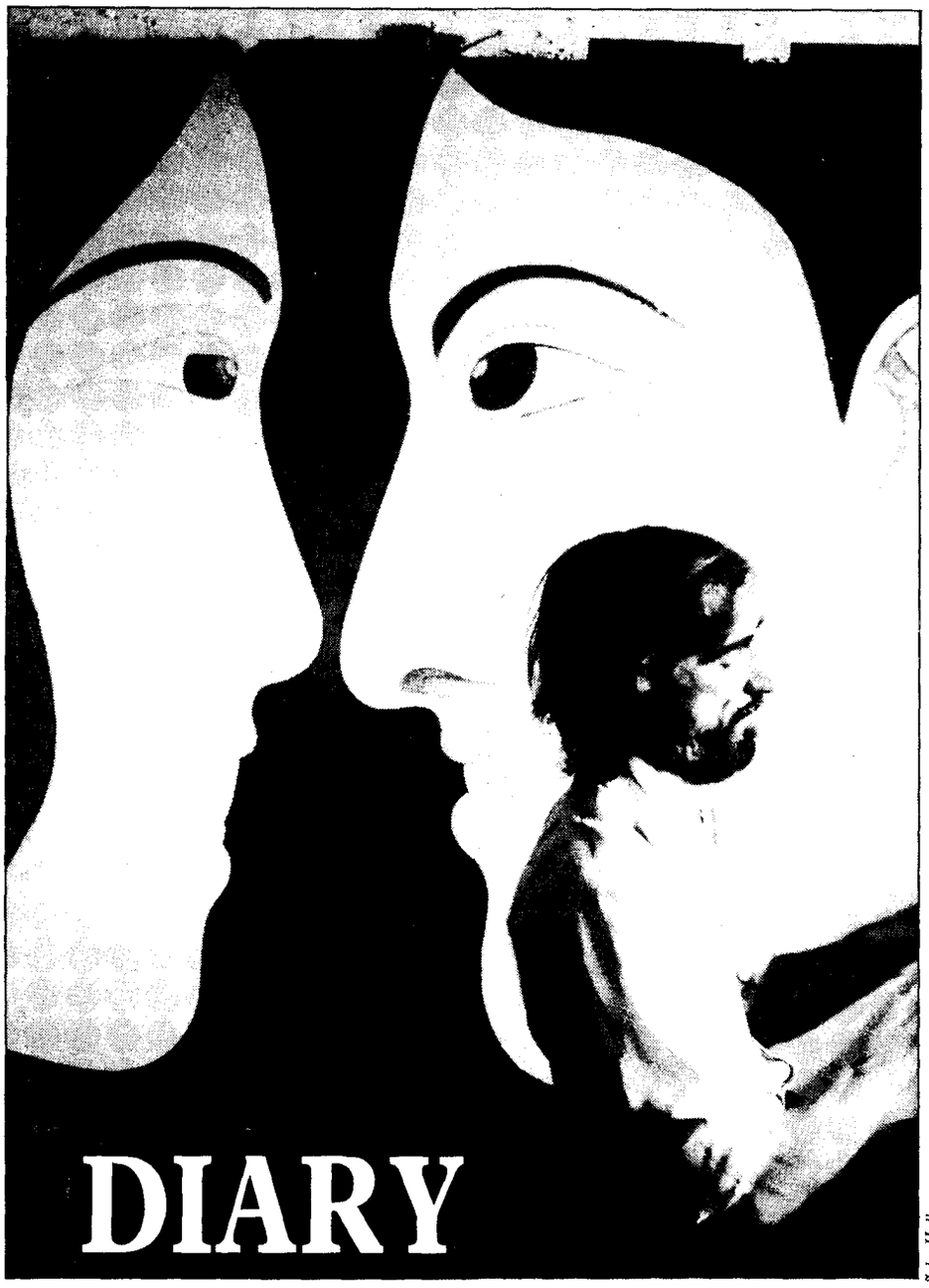

John Hall

OF AN EAVESDROPPER

The artist IAN BREAKWELL has been keeping a diary — in various forms — since 1964. It has grown into a unique record, of haunting conversations, impossible coincidences, tiny confrontations: all the explosive conjunctions and disjunctions of daily life. We print here some random extracts*

**Ian Breakwell's* Diary 1984-85 *is published this week by Pluto Press, £3.95.*

22.4.1970 Taunton-London train, 3 p.m. The husband and wife sat with the dog between them. The dog was on a lead tied to the man's arm. They stroked the dog. The man stroked its head and the woman stroked its stomach. The man unwrapped a box of chocolates and candies. The man and his wife examined the different varieties. They fed each other with chocolates. The women held a chocolate above the dog's nose. The dog snapped at the chocolate. The woman held the chocolate higher. The husband fed the wife another chocolate; she held it in her lips before eating it. The dog snapped continuously at the chocolate in her hand. She dropped the chocolate into the dog's mouth. The dog swallowed the chocolate whole. The dog licked the inside of the woman's hand. The man shook the chocolate box against the dog's ear. The dog bit the chocolate box. The man held the dog's head and the woman pulled the box out of the dog's mouth. They tried it with a cigarette. The dog bit at the cigarette; tried to eat it. The dog's saliva soaked the end of the cigarette. The woman put the cigarette in her mouth and lit it. The dog thrust its head inside the man's jacket, snuffling at the crotch of his trousers. The man lay back, laughing, gripping the dog by its neck. The woman held the dog's back legs.

6.6.1971 The London-Plymouth train, somewhere between Pewsey and Westbury. A grass-covered hillside; a ploughed patch on the hillside; in the middle of the ploughed patch, a boat.

8.3.1973 London, the aftermath of the Old Bailey car-bomb explosion.
A City financier is hailing a taxi; he is immaculately dressed in a dark-blue business suit, except that the left trouser leg finishes a few inches above his ankle; blood oozes out of the laceholes of his polished black shoe.

An old man with a bandaged head, his face the colour of ear wax, is walking along the street; he sinks to the pavement without a sound.

Two hours after the explosion office workers are still trying to make their way home from the City, a task made more difficult by the sudden rerouting of traffic, free-access parking and a national rail strike. Long queues of people wait at all the bus stops, and as usual they all look 'normal', patient and self-contained, except that looking closely you notice that the man in the grey overcoat is keeping his hands in his pockets to stop them shaking, but his lips give him away. Further down the queue an office girl whose hair is permed and blonde at the front is a redhead at the back, her hair dyed with blood. Her friend stands beside her, smoking a cigarette, the tiny pinpricks of blood on her stockings already congealed.

8.7.1973 The 6.30 p.m. train from London to Plymouth.

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In the dining car, the fat businessman farts loudly and unexpectedly, and simultaneously by the side of the railway track a racehorse falls down.

3.1.1975 London, in the pub.
The Voice of Law And Order: 'Now look, we are all a seething mass, make no mistake about that. We are no different to that plant in that pot! We are no different to that potato in the ground! We are no different to the beetle you put your foot on! We are no different to that fly on that lampshade and that crocodile in the Nile! We are all created equal. The beetles and the ants are the same as us, but they weren't given a noise to make. We speak the language that's all. But some are more equal than others, and when it comes to the terrorist let's face it, you're up against the planks. Give him a tenner and he'll drop an atom bomb. He thinks: a tenner, I can have a night out on that. So I say, let the planks fight the planks. Planks of wood versus planks of wood. It's the same all over the world: where you've got ignorance and backwardness you've got trouble. But the population of the Isle of Man are a mixture of Irish and Scots and they are the most peaceful people in the world. Why? Because they've got the cat. And that Irish plank who's lying there in hospital with his hand blown off through carrying a bomb, well give the fucker a bomb in his other hand and say: "Here you are, cop hold of that!" '

11.1.1975 Norwich, 10.05 a.m.
On the top of a distant building is what looks like a heron, turning and swaying from side to side. I remember a Saturday afternoon last autumn . . .

The crowd were pouring out of Queen's Park Rangers football ground after the match, swarming along the pavements, heads down. On the top of a nearby block of flats stood a big sea eagle, looking down on the street. In the flat immediately underneath the eagle the family were watching television, except for mother who was standing at the window watching the crowds below her, her round placid face a few inches below the talons of the huge bird.

5.4.1975 London: National Film Theatre bar.
An elegantly dressed man and an elegantly dressed woman are sitting opposite each other. She is dressed in a two-piece suit, the skirt just above her knees, and black calf-length boots. He is dressed in casual wear: grey sweater and slacks with knife-edge creases. His hair is parted on the right side of his head. He is telling her who, in his opinion, are the most important French film directors, pausing only to adjust the creases in his trousers. She listens, the little finger of her right hand cocked as she holds her coffee cup poised above its saucer. As he speaks he breaks the seal on the carton of cream for his coffee, inadvertently squeezes the carton, and squirts a little jet of cream up her skirt between her thighs.

18.3.1976 Long Eaton, Derbyshire, my home town: Leopold Street.
My father worked as a machinist, a 'twisthand', in the lace mill on this street. Sometimes when I was a boy I used to take him his 'snap' at dinnertime: a flask of tea and sandwiches — beef, or beef dripping, or cucumber soaked in vinegar. The entrance to the factory was through a heavy wooden door and then up a winding spiral staircase, the stone steps worn down in the centre; the throb of the machinery two floors up gradually getting louder, then another heavy wooden door leading from the cool dark of the staircase into the heat of the machine shop; the smell of oil and the stunning noise, the oil-soaked floor vibrating, the rows of lace bobbins clattering up and down on their spindles, the teeth of the looms moving backwards and forwards. Then along the wooden walkways beside the machines until I came to where my father was standing in his blue overalls watching the bobbins and wiping the oil off his hands with a wad of cotton waste. You could hardly hear yourself speak. I had to put my mouth close to his ear and shout: 'I've brought your snap!'

He could not bear to watch oranges or tomatoes being eaten; if ever they appeared on the table he would leave the room. His chair was by the fire, facing the television set, alongside the standard lamp and the pair of brass bellows in the shape of a galleon. Hour after hour, night after night, he sat staring at the television, a one-pound bag of sugared almonds wedged between the cushion and the side of the chair. Every half an hour a Park Drive cigarette, the smoke sucked deep into the lungs, then blown out in a continuous stream across the room to swirl round the head of the highland piper on the top of the television set who turned round and round and played 'Scotland the Brave' when wound up. When I noticed that he was nipping his cigarettes out halfway down, I realised we were feeling the pinch. The dole and the pittance my mother was bringing in by making up nylon overalls on piece rate was not sufficient. The bottom had fallen out of the lace market. There were queues outside the labour exchange. Half time. One-third time. The odd day. Set on. Laid off. Each cigarette nipped out three times. A pocket full of nub ends. For one complete month he never uttered a single word to any of the family. My mother eventually broke down sobbing during a Sunday dinner, tears dripping into the gravy. My brother started bawling. I went and sat in the shed at the bottom of the garden.

The shed was full of bikes, spades, forks, tins of paint and varnish, brushes, hammers and saws. On the wall two photographs of

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my father looked down at me, one a football team photo, the other a studio portrait: pinned collar, tightly knotted tie, brilliantined hair, shiny new false teeth. On the shelf underneath the photographs were two of my grandfather's gallstones which he had given me as a present when he came out of hospital. As I stared at them they seemed like eggs laid by a stone bird. A thin, stooping bird with hunched shoulders and a grotesque hooked beak, crouching in a stone landscape, moonlit, at the foot of stone steps leading to a petrified forest. In the middle of the forest was a frozen waterfall. Bowler hats, umbrellas and briefcases lay beneath the waterfall, all turned to stone. Standing alongside the waterfall was a stone ladder at the foot of which lay a boy who had fallen, his arm twisted round his broken neck. The boy was calcified too: a fossil. Above the boy stood his father, a statue with pathetic outstretched arms which had tried to catch the falling child. In the town in the valley below the rocks the neighbours also stood like statues. Mrs Wilson, one foot on the step, about to enter the coalhouse. Mr Brown mowing the lawn. Mrs Cresswell leaning on her front gate, her hand cupped to her mouth, her forehead furrowed. In the field behind the street little Tony Cresswell turned to stone while running, around his waist a bag of exploding fireworks, his mouth open in a soundless scream, his eyes bulging. In the middle of the side street a group of children with pennies in their hands stood in a circle around backward Oscar, waiting for him to put the lump of dog shit in his mouth, waiting for ever because he, like them, was turned to stone, as was the small boy with his hands thrust through the bars of the playground gate as his mother finally turned to walk away and leave him to his first day at school. Both pavements of the town's main street were lined with children in uniforms, their arms half raised, their mouths half opened, The Queen sat in a stone limousine, her right hand raised, a smile fixed on her face like that of a ventriloquist's dummy.

Rain began to fall on the roof of the shed. The sky grew dark outside the window. At the corner of the windowpane a spider sat in the middle of its web. A fly landed on the web and the spider caught it, hurried back to the centre of the web and ate it.

The centre of the web. The eye of the needle. The winking eye in the plughole of the sink after the water has run out. The small, skinny boy standing in the washroom, pretending fascination as he stares down into the sink at the winking eye. Outside, the noise of his classmates racing round the playground. At the entrance to the washroom the school bully leans against the door, cracking his knuckles. 'Look,' says the little boy, desperately trying to buy time (eight more minutes to the end of playtime), 'look at the winking eye, isn't it fascinating?' 'Never mind that,' smirks the bully, 'come out into the playground.'

24.3.1978 Wales: Newport Station, 2.56 p.m.
The moment when: the guard blew his whistle; the fat woman in the fur coat, like a mammoth, bent down and with her gloved hand adjusted the plastic pants on the rear end of her miniature poodle; the passenger in the train window slid his tongue out between his lips into the left ear of the fashion mannekin in the glass case on the platform on the other side of the train carriage; the girl sitting on the platform bench, dressed completely in black, groaned, leaned forward and thrust her leather-gloved hand up the front of her sweater.

1.6.1980 London: Waterlow Park.
The brass band finishes its programme and takes a bow, then plays the national anthem as the audience stand to attention beside their deckchairs. The bandleader salutes. In front of the teahouse near the bandstand families sit in the sunshine at small tables, drinking tea and eating little cakes, the family dogs lying at their feet. A bull terrier growls at an Old English sheepdog. Another bull terrier snaps at a corgi. A dogfight breaks out. Within seconds six dogs are snarling and biting at each other in a furious, writhing heap. Cups of tea are spilled in laps. Cakes fly out of hands. Tables are overturned. Children are knocked down. Women start screaming. Men begin kicking and shouting at the dogs. A man grabs a bull terrier by the back legs and hurls it across the lawn. The bull terrier's owner hits the man on the jaw with a right uppercut. Dogs and people fight among the flowerbeds.

17.11.1980 Cambridge.
Seven students sit around a table in the bar. One is dressed in cavalry-twill trousers, white shirt, cravat and striped blazer; he is concerned that his friend, who is sitting on his left similarly dressed except that his blazer is blue flannel, arrives on time for rowing practice at 7 a.m. the following morning, whereas his friend is arranging the details of the following night's party with the girl on his left whose tracksuit has become torn through continuous jogging so that it exposes her white inner thigh. On her left a girl with close-cropped hair, baggy dungarees and three badges is planning with the girl on her left, who wears a pink Fiorucci boiler suit, the protest they intend to make the next day outside Woolworths against their special offers on deodorized tampons, while the youth sitting next to her who has a prison-crop hairstyle, three-day stubble, stained sweatshirt, faded jeans and plastic shoes, discusses the merits of Tottenham Hotspurs' back four with the girl on his left who is dressed in a tweed skirt, white blouse and cashmere sweater and is convinced that her old flatmate is the Yorkshire Ripper. Each student speaks in the same accent, tone and level of voice.

9.7.1981 Cambridge.
An Irish pub in a back street away from the main tourist routes. The bar is run down and decrepit. Two pool tables. Carrolls All Ireland All Stars poster alongside the dartboard. Framed portrait of John F. Kennedy over the bar next to the sign saying, 'Last Paddy served at 11 p.m.'

Waiting for my turn to come up on the pool table, I'm sitting in a corner reading *Melmoth The Wanderer*. The Irishman at the next table says: 'What's the book?' '*Melmoth The Wanderer*'. 'Is it a good book?' 'It's a very good book.' 'What's it about?' I describe the first few chapters wherein young John Melmoth is called from Trinity College, Dublin, to inherit the family seat in County Wicklow and is then haunted by an ancestor, Melmoth The Wanderer, who has sold his soul to the devil in return for prolonged life. My neighbour sinks his Guinness, and after a long pause says: 'Aye, they're all fucking wanderers in Wicklow.'

9.2.1982 Newport, Wales: the indoor market.
Three brown doors: one labelled GENTLEMEN, one labelled LADIES, one labelled TROUT.

12.2.1982 London: St John Street, EC1.
A man carrying a polythene bag full of tongues sits down at the café table alongside a woman who is scratching her leg. A man walks past the window with the headless carcase of a deer on his shoulders. On the other side of the street the second-floor window of the Dream City Massage Parlour For Men is raised and a slender hand with long red fingernails slips through the gap between the curtains and flicks the ash from a cigarette out onto the street below where a man with his trousers round his ankles is shitting in a doorway.

24.2.1984 Metropolitan line tube train from Whitechapel to Farringdon, 3.47 p.m.
Two Chinamen eating bananas.
1st Chinaman: 'Of all disease, like cancer best.'
2nd Chinaman: 'Aah-haah! Cancer my favourite also. Cancer number one. Have a banana.'

21.12.1984 London: St John Street, EC1, 10.50 a.m.
Through an open window comes the sound of voices singing: 'Whence Comes That Goodly Fragrance?' Lying in the middle of the road between the two streams of traffic are two men miming the motions of sexual intercourse. A man in a white coat, peering through the talons of two plucked turkeys which are draped round his neck, steps around the two men as he crosses from one pavement to the other. On the opposite side of the street six pale-faced men are punching each other.

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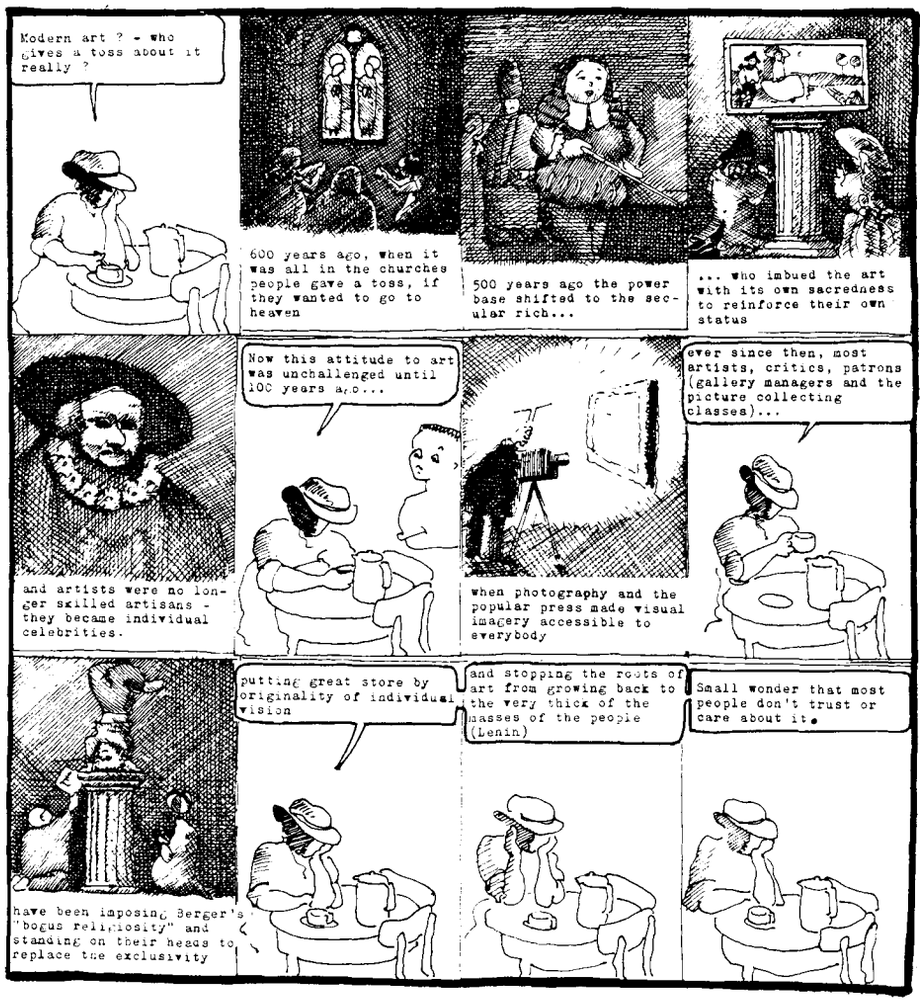
ART


Modern art ? - who gives a toss about it really ?
600 years ago, when it was all in the churches people gave a toss, if they wanted to go to heaven
500 years ago the power base shifted to the secular rich...
... who imbued the art with its own sacredness to reinforce their own status
and artists were no longer skilled artisans - they became individual celebrities.
Now this attitude to art was unchallenged until 100 years a.g.o...
when photography and the popular press made visual imagery accessible to everybody
ever since then, most artists, critics, patrons (gallery managers and the picture collecting classes)...
have been imposing Berger's "bogus religiosity" and standing on their heads to replace the exclusivity
putting great store by originality of individual vision
and stopping the roots of art from growing back to the very thick of the masses of the people (Lenin)
Small wonder that most people don't trust or care about it.

Andrew Squire

Come buy, come buy

René Gimpel

A director of one of London's major galleries reports from amid the rustle of notes at this year's art fair in Basle

NEVER MIND THE product, this is a trade fair. In the central courtyard, a corral of lorries from a dozen countries are unloading crates. Electricians, carpenters and gallery teams swarm into 300 stands. We spend some time arranging two hay bales as part of an installation on ours. As a precaution, the hay has been sprayed with fire-retardant; I carry the certificate on me. See, I set my lighter to a straw. It burns beautifully.

With 155,000 square feet, Basle's *Art 17'86* (this year's slogan: the Vernissage of the Year) is the world's largest art fair. Major European galleries appear year after year; so, too, do the worst galleries. This year has seen a collapse in London's representation — down from a dozen to just seven galleries — but, across the Channel, it's from strength to strength: 32 French, 64 Swiss and 90 German galleries exhibiting. A press release lamely suggests that recent events have discouraged many Americans from attending but that the fair is none the worse, given that the Americans have lost both their monopoly and their ability to spot the new. Sulk.

There is a waiting list for new exhibitors, even at a cost of £1,000 a day. How long the list is depends on how anxious the organisers are to include you and, once accepted, you enter a world governed by social rules which evolved at Versailles during Louis XIV's reign. The wrong hall, the wrong position within a hall, the wrong neighbours: all can undo months of preparation. A regular exhibitor has finally managed to oust a rival from the cherished window position overlooking the courtyard. The dishonoured and humiliated loser is in a litigious mood.

Prior to the preview party is the press view, but nobody is waiting for the critics. We are all on the lookout for an early sale to or purchase from each other's stands, or for one of those dedicated collectors who talk their way in hours before the opening. Rumours that a good client has been spotted spread apprehension, then panic and finally paranoia if the client fails to materialise on one's stand.

On the ground floor are the establishment names. As usual, Ernst Beyeler has mounted the sort of exhibition others dream of: 50 important canvases of Picasso's models. Private guards at night. At Beyeler's gallery in town, a Baselitz retrospective. The galleries upstairs, according to the organisers, show new trends. This is where we are.

The temperature is hotter, ceilings are lower, stands are smaller and competition is intense. A few pioneering dealers with a reputation for flair are dotted among the slicker operations.

Three of the artists exhibiting on our stand join us in turn from England. Jostled by 10,000 daily visitors and bemused by the 20,000 artworks on offer, the artists are disorientated. Good, because there are People to be met; especially the handful of museum directors who are diplomatically wending their way along the aisles. As they pass, we buttonhole them, engage them in banter and secure them for an evening engagement. With luck our dinner group will contain no rival dealers.

As the fair settles down, new collectors appear from the countries which share a frontier in Basle: Switzerland, France and Germany. Collectors are united in their terror of declaring their purchases to a fiscal authority. The ingenuity of the art world manages to keep it one pace ahead, but we do baulk at a client's request to alter the signature and labelling on his purchase. We suggest he leave the painting in a Swiss freeport. No, he uses that facility for selected *valeurs sûres* (the art-world equivalent of gilt-edged securities). Can payment be effected from banks of different countries? There is anxiety, leading to verbal manoeuvres, about who will pay the small shipping fee.

The art magazines are displayed on tables nearby. Twenty publishers are represented but, as with galleries, so with magazines: there are none from Britain. There are the small, subsidised, partisan magazines with solid articles and little colour. There are the glossies, all colour, popular writers and lots of advertising. Unlike the solitary attendant at the smaller magazines' stand, the glossies' tables always seem to be packed. The glossies have different rules, too. The cover and editorial features are (though not in writing) discreetly negotiable. In exchange, free art (objects).

Through a portico to the next hall, where myriad galleries from unlikely towns exhibit a relentless frenzy of artists who paint in a manner similar to, but are not. Retreating down alleys of the anodyne and the bizarre, we arrive at the state-art organisations of the socialist countries, culminating in the Soviet stand where still lifes in the 17th-century Dutch manner crowd landscapes in the Montmartre manner.

In our occasional breaks from attending the stand, we each report sighting the celebrated pastry-master of Southern Germany. He leaves his august tea-house each year to haunt the fair, silently appearing on a stand, gazing at each work in turn, politely declining to enter into conversation, rarely buying.

Shortly after the fair is over visitors stream across the courtyard towards the exit. They swirl around the pastry-master who has come to a stop. Expressionless. □

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CINEMA

Gremlins tamed

Adam Mars-Jones

The Money Pit (PG)
Plaza

FILM DIRECTORS make odd producers. The phrase 'Francis Ford Coppola presents' tends to introduce a film that Coppola would have liked, however quixotically, to make himself; the phrase 'Steven Spielberg presents', attached for instance to this week's *The Money Pit*, is likely to announce a foolproof commercial project that Spielberg could safely entrust to a journeyman director (meaning no offence), in this case Richard Benjamin. Coppola gambles, with mixed results, on an audience, while Spielberg addresses a market.

Last year's *Back to the Future*, for example, by having a contemporary teenager transported back to his parents' youth, managed to straddle the baby boom with an almost eerie precision, serving up a comedy that could be seen as nostalgic by one generation and taken as pure science fiction by the next one.

The Money Pit targets its audience differently. Its story delivers all the old-dark-house comedy thrills to teenagers, while presenting their parents with a sort of anthology of estate-agent horror stories. The house in the film is a large one, bought for a suspiciously small sum (a mere $200,000) by a yuppie couple, Walter and Anna. Unusually for a house playing the equivalent of the lead in a Hollywood movie, it contains no supernatural inhabitants and no lurking murderers; but domestic special effects play as big a part in the film as they do in, say, *Poltergeist*. (The ideal Hollywood performer, increasingly, is a stuntman with a Ph.D. in special effects who can do his own acting.)

The film starts almost as satire, with Walter and Anna thrown into disarray by Walter's father running off to Rio with $2.9 million, which Walter must make good, and Anna's ex-husband returning to live in the apartment they have been house-sitting for him. Once they make the fateful house purchase, everything goes wrong. The plumber wants a drink and a deposit and then berates Walter for serving inferior Scotch. 'Saving the good stuff for company, huh?' he bellows. 'No wonder you've been turned down by every plumber in the valley.'

Then the house takes over. The domestic disasters are caused only by dilapidation, but they have an agreeably surrealistic extremity to them. The entire grand staircase collapses into its elements like a house of cards. The only functioning source of water on the property is a urinating putto by the pond and the water has to be carried up ladders to the bathroom since the staircase went west. When Walter adds a modest log to the fire — the only surviving heat-source — the entire hearth drops out of sight, as if down a mine, followed by a roaring downpour of bricks, until the smoking top of the chimney alights in the fireplace.

Tom Hanks gets pasted, along with the film

If the Speilberg-produced *Poltergeist* represented his 'revenge on television', as he said at the time, then he was satisfied with one clean blow and bears no lasting grudge. It is only the special effects of *The Money Pit* that are beyond the resources of television. The cast is likeable enough, but hardly stretched. Tom Hanks as Walter makes a pleasant, anodyne hero and Shelley Long's Anna is a stabler variant of her character in television's *Cheers* (dizzy career girl, bimbo intellectual). They watch as the house continues to dissolve.

There is a particular satisfaction to watching things fall apart, a disinterested pleasure in destruction that Aristotle might not recognise but still functions as catharsis. *The Money Pit* only falls apart itself when the special effects dry up. Then the audience is likely to notice that the workmen, who arrived as a cavalcade of thugs out of *Mad Max*, are in fact doing a great job. Walter and Anna, far from sinking in the money pit, are clearly sitting on a goldmine. Money itself, despite its presence in the title, makes increasingly rare appearances and in diminishing amounts: $2.9 million, $200,000, $75,000 that Anna borrows from her ex, then $5,000 for the plumber's deposit. After a certain point in the film, the labourers must be assumed to be working for the love of it.

The film shifts from special-effects fiesta to light marital melodrama as Anna admits (mistakenly) to having slept with her ex while Walter was out of town. The trouble with the audiences that Spielberg knows so well is that they want their cheap thrills in a plain brown wrapper and resent being reminded of their appetites. When he served up the manic destruction of *1941*, they didn't want to know.

Even in his more personal films, Spielberg retreats from fully dramatising his material. When ET returns from the dead like Lazarus or Tinker Bell, or when the Mother Ship in *Close Encounters* turns out to contain (in the words of one reviewer) bald anorexic Barbra Streisands, bringing greetings, Spielberg isn't so much asserting innocence as denying experience. *The Money Pit* follows the same dynamic by not only having Walter and Anna stay together, but by making their whole quarrel turn out to be based on false premises.

The only film that Spielberg has had a hand in which comes close to breaking the mould is Joe Dante's *Gremlins*. That film starts with a cute beastie called Gizmo, whose offspring are the destructive and amoral Gremlins, the spirits of special-effects incarnate. Watching the Gremlins go hilariously on the rampage, watching them finally take over a cinema, an audience is brought up against a profoundly unflattering image of itself. No wonder the film did less well at the box-office, in spite of a cosy resolution prompted by Spielberg, than the manifestly inferior *Ghostbusters*. Wherever he can, in the films that he creates or influences, Spielberg turns the Gremlins back into Gizmos. □

THEATRE

Both sides now

Benedict Nightingale

Leaving Home
JULIA KEARSLEY *Soho Poly*
Double Double
ERIC ELICE & ROGER REES *Fortune*

LEAVING HOME MAY not be the sort of play which inspires theories, theses or earnest debate in the academies, but it is a wise and genial little piece, further evidence that Julia Kearsley is a talent to watch. The subject, so it seems to me, is a perplexing and not altogether explicable ambivalence in the nuclear family. What for one person is a haven, a sanctuary, even an opportunity for growth, may for another be alien territory, a place that the sheer need for survival demands that one escapes.

Well, perhaps that's only to say that one person's meat is another's poison, or one's mate another's prison. Yet Kearsley brings freshness to those conclusions and, in her quiet and unpretentious way, succeeds in being unfashionable and even a little contentious. How tempting it must have been, in the current cultural climate, to have tilted the evidence against either the father who ups and leaves his home without a word of explanation, or against the home, wife and adult children he's deserted, or both. After all, we've come to expect our playwrights to take nice, clear stands: versus selfish and neglectful males, versus the petit-bourgeois family, versus the two of them at once. Kearsley goes in for no such comforting didacticism.

Actually, all we see of the disappeared father is the odd, suggestive glimpse through the eyes of others. He's become a loner, maybe a bit of a tramp, but happy all the same. A visitor to the house describes seeing him, or someone very like him, sitting on a wall and grinning toothlessly at the sea. His son admits having briefly spoken to someone who indisputably

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was him, only to be smilingly given the slip: 'I've never seen him looking so relaxed,' he recalls, not without grief. What made the old boy a fugitive may perhaps be inferred from the reaction of his wife, who has come to believe him dead, to the first of these reports. 'I'm not looking for someone who sits on a wall with no teeth in,' she mildly expostulates.

Moreover Phyllis, as she's called, has undergone something of an emotional reawakening herself. Into the household has come Malcolm, an amiable if boring old fellow apt to regale the company with long stories about the nodules on his spine. And what precipitated a craving for solitude in his predecessor is for him the solution to loneliness. The one-time valetudinarian is soon cheerfully stripped to his braces and busying himself around the house and garden: 'I've found joy, I've come alive here.' In fact, it becomes evident that this supposed lodger is pencilled in as Phyllis's second husband — and, once again, why not? Only the elder daughter, a dogmatically aggressive sort buzzing with unacknowledged resentments and yearnings, resists this change to the status quo and, by the end, even she seems persuaded of its emotional logic. If her father wishes to play dead or missing, better to let him do so.

The result is a wryly unsentimental defence of those old virtues, understanding and tolerance. Kearsley's weakness, I suppose, is occasionally and unnecessarily to italicise points she's making about her characters; but that doesn't finally undermine her unprejudiced sense of life itself. Suddenly someone will interject into the conversation, apropos nothing in particular, the fact that 'you use far more calories eating celery than it can possibly give back'; or launch into a wickedly funny description of her bedmate, sleeping with saliva drooling down his chin, 'as if he's melting'. Not the least of their author's qualities is a sparky, unpredictable humour, deftly acknowledged by Ewan Hooper, Bridget Turner and the other members of Brian Stirner's cast.

Meanwhile, the Fortune is playing host to the latest of several attempts to replicate Anthony Shaffer's success with *Sleuth*: two characters on the cast-list, a plot that twists and twirls and camouflages its shape and direction and an undeniably smart ending. To say much more would be to give away too many of **Double Double**'s secrets, an unforgivable solecism when its only real justification is their disclosure. But it seems reasonable to question some of its oddities. Even allowing that the bedraggled Scot played by Roger Rees isn't the usual sort of tramp, shouldn't his hands and face be just a little affected by bad living and foul weather? And even allowing that he's not altogether a graceless fellow, would the svelte schemer impersonated by Jane Lapotaire go so far against her own interests as to fall in love with him? And are we really to agree, as the play implicitly invites us to do, that it's somehow more awful to murder a vagrant with a high IQ, a poet's imagination and a gift of the gab than one with none of those things?

But I'm simultaneously overinforming and confusing you. Sufficient to say that the evening's undoubted cleverness didn't compensate for things I didn't quite believe or couldn't quite like. Surely two such expert players — Lapotaire with her marvellous force and freshness, Rees with his versatility and inventiveness — could find something better to do, even if one of them has co-written the play. □

MUSIC

Pärt songs

Andrew Clements

An obscure Estonian composer is one of the stars of this year's Almeida Festival

THE ABOLITION of the GLC made the future of the Almeida Festival even more precarious than usual but, once again, Pierre Audi has got the money together from somewhere, without having to jettison any of his plans.

This year's festival runs for four weeks, to Sunday 6 July; it crowds so much into every day, sustains so many thematic threads, that the problem for a reviewer is deciding just what to leave out. There is a fascinating series of short programmes devoted to the work of younger British composers, Chris Dench, Michael Rosenzweig and Jonathan Lloyd; four days of new Spanish music followed by nearly a week of Japanese composers; a Takemitsu event and a Steve Reich weekend and a final week devoted to Italian music. I hope to return to the Italians, to Giacinto Scelsi and Sylvano Bussotti in particular, in two weeks' time; for the moment, though, it's the work of a very singular Estonian composer which claims attention.

The music of Arvo Pärt opened the Almeida season. Pärt was born in 1935, worked in comparative obscurity until the late 1960s and has begun to pick up some kind of reputation in the last few years, since he arrived in the West. The status he has acquired is rather curious: in some quarters he's been labelled as a minimalist, evoking comparisons with the likes of Reich and Glass when his music has very few points of contact with their highly

Live at Ronnie Scott's
STAN TRACEY'S HEXAD *Steam* SJ 113
As a pianist, Stan Tracey has always carried a personal set of harmonies around with him, tinging everything he plays. As a composer he delights in setting up themes that nudge and cajole his soloists. Hexad is the latest of his groups, the customary quartet expanded by the recruitment of a trumpeter, Guy Barker, often on the edge of seeming frantic yet never slackening his grasp, and Jamie Talbot, an alto saxophonist with a frightening fluency (he's especially impressive in 'The Cardiff Chapter', one-third of a Welsh suite that also includes 'Funky Day in Tiger Bay') but who also remains authoritative. Of the old gang, Art Themen, the only jazz musician to wield a scalpel professionally, excels on both soprano and tenor saxophones, simultaneously reliable yet exciting.

Dancing in the Dark
DAVE MCKENNA *Concord Jazz* CJ-292
The classic American show song, flourishing from about halfway through the Twenties until just after World War II, provided the ideal raw material for jazz players who wanted to be subtly audacious, intent on keeping, as it were, the tune in mind. Dave McKenna, once the pianist in Woody Herman's band, absorbed at least part of the craft through working with the cornetist Bobby Hackett, adept at tilting chord changes his way. McKenna sometimes decorates, sometimes transforms a set of tunes by Arthur Schwartz, including 'By Myself', 'You and the Night and the Music' and — treated with cunning simplicity — 'I See Your Face Before Me'. Elegant, two-handed piano playing, the kind of thing jazz pianists went in for until the presence of a bassist and drummer became obligatory.

Song X
PAT METHENY/ORNETTE COLEMAN *Geffen* 924-096-1
Ornette Coleman has always possessed the directness of a folk singer or blues player, seemingly without artifice yet pushed into becoming an innovator by the tight chord sequences that prevailed in jazz 30-odd years ago. Yet what appeared fresh and natural when Coleman originally burst upon the scene has often sounded less enticing during the last decade, with the saxophonist dabbling in rock and attempting to collaborate with rather rigid guitar players. But, on this LP, with one bound as it were, our hero is set free, partnered at last by a guitarist — Pat Metheny — who understands when to be flexible, when to be firm. The finest LP Coleman has made for years — and helped by a rhythm section (Jack DeJohnette is the drummer, Charlie Haden plays bass) that swings with quite an old-fashioned fervour.

Charles Fox

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streamlined systems; elsewhere he's been written off as an arch conservative, a monkish figure whose work is now obsessed with plainchant and dominated by liturgical choral settings.

The biggest of these choral works, the 75-minute *Johannes Passion* written in 1981, received its British premiere in the first Almeida concert. Sung in the roomy acoustic of the Union Chapel, Islington, it made a strong impression through its austere, almost ritualistic lay-out — solo singers for the parts of Pilate and Christ, a quartet sharing the words of the Evangelist, with a chamber chorus, all accompanied by organ and a quartet of woodwind and strings — and a supreme economy of material, whose repetitions generated an hypnotic intensity as the drama was played out.

Religious music nowadays rarely seems fresh or original; only Messiaen of leading contemporary composers has consistently written works with a spiritual dimension and even he, rather interestingly, has avoided composing anything for the Roman Catholic liturgy. Pärt clearly has no such misgivings, for a *Te Deum* and *De Profundis*, both products of the 1980s, were included in a second Almeida programme. Even though neither setting approached the memorability of the Passion, both contained enough flashes of striking invention to be recognisably the work of a more than merely competent craftsman.

It's hard to discern any obvious influences upon Pärt; he seems to have absorbed what technical devices he needs on a strangely primitive level. In the same way that Bruckner took on the musical language of Wagner and bent it to his own very direct and unselfconscious ends, so Pärt has taken what he needs from modernism and distilled it into a very pure and concentrated form. One of his best known pieces is dedicated to the memory of Britten, which might suggest one line of inheritance; sometimes, when his melodies are not tinged by plainchant, they conjure up thoughts of Shostakovich. But neither seems a very penetrating influence, for Pärt's attitude to form is often much more radical. His *Tabula Rasa* for two violins and string orchestra (1977) is a quite breathtakingly beautiful recreation of the sonorities of the baroque concerto, in strictly contemporary terms. The fragments of Vivaldi-like figuration that the two soloists exchange in the first movement manage to tap a vein of 18th-century nostalgia much more potently than any neoclassical work. Had Pärt simply written pastiche, the effect would just have been cheap; instead, he has transplanted a whole world of feeling into a totally modern formal context and, in doing so, made highly personal statements of both, while the second movement trembles constantly on the brink of inaudibility, winding with terrible slowness into the void.

It's not an especially good vintage for concertos; it's hard to think of a handful of genuinely worthwhile examples from the last two decades. But *Tabula Rasa* unquestionably is one of them. Though I would guess that Pärt's ultimate reputation will come to rest upon his choral works, he has already written one instrumental piece of quite startling originality. □

Local heroes

Naseem Khan

THERE ARE NOT many bands that find themselves featured in their local museum. But then, Glasgow's People's Palace is not an ordinary museum, nor is Scheme an ordinary band.

The People's Palace, built in the last century, deserves an article of its own. It documents the stormy history of working-class Glasgow: memorabilia of the cotton spinners' strike in 1837, the rent strike of 1916, UCS in 1971. Mixed in are all sorts of fascinating stuff (some of them wonderfully daft): a stuffed music-hall dog (famous in his day), Billy Connolly's banana boots. And Scheme.

You find the band celebrated upstairs, in a small exhibition devoted to the area of Easterhouse: a euphonious name not matched by reality. For Easterhouse is one of the 'housing schemes' or estates, built in a spirit of blind philanthropy in the Fifties and regretted ever since. 'Unfortunately,' says the exhibition caption stolidly, 'it was built without any community infrastructure and with no shops, no cinemas, places of entertainment, and a poor system of public transport; the people living there,' it goes on laconically, 'suffered accordingly.' Among the first generation to come out of Easterhouse was the one that contained the bulk of Scheme's members. If anyone can be said to speak for that bleak, featureless, terrible place, it is Scheme and its music. 'They're about all that's good about Easterhouse,' says a girl fervently — one of many local testimonials — on Reality's film about the group, *Innocent as Hell*, to be broadcast on Channel 4 on 8 July. 'I see them,' says another youngster, 'as the people's band.'

They were far from that in the Sixties. In 1968, Easterhouse made the national headlines ('Bloody Easter!') when its youth ran riot in the isolated scheme in a blaze of gang violence and murder. Pop singer Frankie Vaughan stepped in and, on the basis of ensuring that the area got a youth club, secured a truce between the gangs. The club — a big, bunker-like structure — is there still. And so, with modification, are Easterhouse's problems. The facilities have improved, but unemployment has worsened (72 per cent in nearby Garthamlock, said band members). So has heroin addiction among the young. Bleak or not, however, this is Scheme's stamping ground. Band members were at school here, began to play together here, on borrowed equipment in each others' homes. The realities of the schemes shaped and created their lyrics as well as their audience.

Today, six years on, they are both famous and unknown, rich and poor. In the East End of Glasgow they are local heroes, the boys next door who've stayed true to their roots. Everybody loves them, says a supporter in the film, 'frae weans tae grannies'. They are the only band to have filled Glasgow's huge Apollo (three and a half thousand capacity) and, on another occasion, to have outstripped the visiting name band, Tears for Fears.

With that following, you'd expect a bit of the glamorous life-style, a bit of the flash of pop. Scheme, however, must be one of the most unflashy bands about. Its five members are (with the exception of drummer Des Osbourne) in their thirties and no fashion freaks. 'We're no 16 or 17 year boys,' said one of them soberly. 'We're all men and we've got a bit of history to sing about.' Their style is nowhere (rumpled jeans, grubby T-shirts): their substance is all. The songs, written mainly by Denny Oliver (guitar and vocals), talk boldly about being out of work, about serving time, being framed, as well as the broader political issues, especially CND, about which they all feel passionately. The musical influences on their predominantly rock music are reggae, blues and soul (connoisseurs compare them to UB40 or the Australian band Men at Work) but they don't divorce their lyrics from their lives. They still live locally and play regular local gigs. They also play a large part in setting up and taking music workshops in the schemes in order to try and help other young bands to emerge.

Scheme's is, however, a limited fame. The group has never made a recording. A few record companies have approached them, said Grant, but generally found them unpackageable: 'They usually say, "It sounds great, but it looks terrible".' The music press knows about them and so do pockets of the country where they played when they accompanied the 1983 People's March. But, if the group wants to develop, Scheme will have to extend beyond its Glasgow base. The question is whether it can do so without losing the footing that gives it its strength.

Glasgow District Council has clearly decided there's mileage in it for they've given Scheme a £5,000 grant to put out its first LP (*Black & Whites*), inspiring predictable 'revolution on the rates' headlines. But the group doesn't see it as a grant to Scheme alone. It forms part of its strategy to help create a music business for Glasgow and has Scottish Development Agency interest aroused. Why, asked Kieran, should bands have to go south: there's the talent in Glasgow and the space. 'There's acres of empty factory space up here that used to employ thousands.'

●

HAPPY BIRTHDAY to *Folk Roots*, the pioneering monthly folk magazine (née *Southern Rag*) that no one thought would survive its infancy. One year old this month, it's now the largest-selling folk and roots mag in the world. □

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TELEVISION

Women's work

Hugo Williams

THE POTENTIALLY subversive idea behind the Sherlock Holmesey costume series **Ladies in Charge** (ITV) was to give the pampered and emasculated gentlewomenfolk of the Edwardian period a second crack at history, by setting up an all-women employment exchange for them in the East End. Can real oaks grow from fictional acorns? The agency might as well be a flying saucer, but the locals stick to the rules of *My Fair Lady*land, chirpy cockneys and gawky posh girls, the sex-class grid firmly in place with only the occasional 'You and your lot coming down here telling us what to do' thrown in for local colour.

What you have are three upper-class girls seeking temporary work in short stories about wayward wives, distressed showgirls, Music Hall acts and eccentric White Russian countesses. You have your strange-goings-on at No.12, your matters-of-utmost delicacy involving diamonds and infidelities. You also have a bonus of painstaking period incidentals: Mrs Pankhurst, street kids, the post-war shortage of menfolk with their shortage of legs. Medals clink ironically. Bovril comes out of slightly different pots. The series would have been unremarkable had it not been for its energy and unexpectedness of sub-plot. There was an atmosphere of young-century innocence and excitement that convinced you the world might almost have stayed that way if the men hadn't come home and stamped the patriarchal foot.

Last week's tale of fake Russian Imperial jewels taking a walk with a gambling countlet and turning out to belong to his aunt's shadowy serf-cum-companion 'Baba' lost me near the end, but never failed to cram the screen with hustle and bustle and covert female dominance. Irene Worth put on her Lila Kedrova ham-emigrée act and the button eyes of Julia Hills as Babs flashed about as if she thought it was all really happening to her. I preferred two earlier stories. One marvellous rambling tale of a Music Hall ventriloquist, one of those shallow, vain, handsome sex objects, beloved of women writers today, who can be wrapped round a little finger and a storyline while fondly imagining that they still have some say in the matter, poor fools. Here a stage-struck Babs effects a reconciliation by standing in for the missing live ventriloquist's dummy to arouse her professional jealousy. The story was rich in ordinary pleasures and controlled chaos, no small achievement.

The same was true of the best play in the series, *A Public Mischief*, a rather touching vindication of the arts of Spiritualism, which apparently flourished after the First World War. 'Is there one among our flock who has lost her husband?' (large eyes from widow Diana, who is investigating this one). 'For some poor souls, the Church is not enough,' says the exposed Madame Morgan. 'They need to hear their loved ones forgiving them. We all need forgiveness for something. It's my only talent, you see.' Well, of course we saw. And when the ad came on for 'lasting hold without stickiness' we felt a sense of loss for a world in which forgiveness could still forgive.

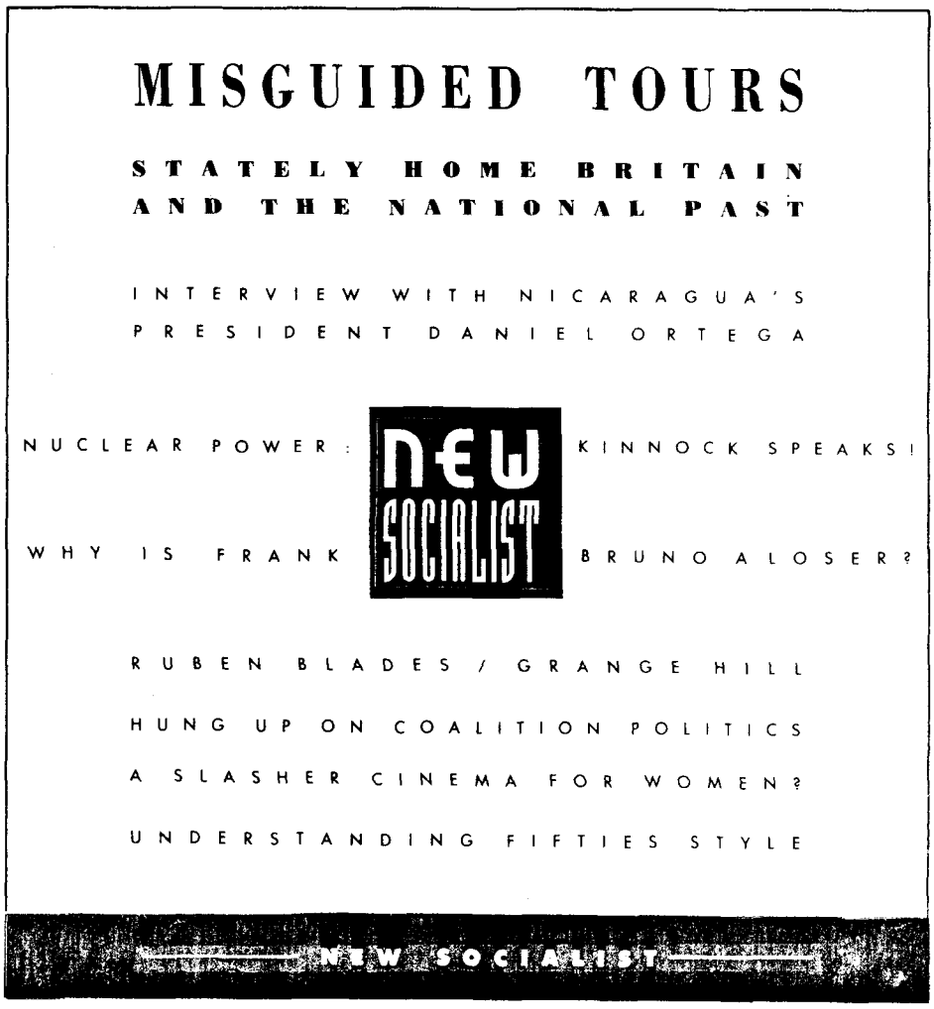
Another popular series set firmly in a notional innocence, this one sometimes known as 'the Fifties', was **The Clairvoyant** (BBC2), starring Roy Kinnear and his devoted wife Sandra Dickinson, a sublime reincarnation of Judy Holliday with a voice like the upper register of a nail file. Kinnear has the comic gift of second sight, or thinks he has, or his wife thinks he has, but the clairvoyant theme is the loosest of connections for what is really a series of knockabout half-hours in tellyland with one-liners and old cars.

Set in the same never-never world of entertainment is the rather awful **Hell's Bells** (BBC1), another Derek Nimmo vehicle that should, as far as I'm concerned, have been a hearse. Nimmo is a Dean by now and at permanent odds with the swinging bishop played selflessly and, presumably, for cash with no questions asked by the excellent Robert Stephens. Nimmo is set up as the droll reactionary element, but seems to think he needs to caricature the caricature, returning us to Nimmo, as it were, without collecting £200. The show I saw had Stephens pressing for a family-style service in the Cathedral. 'Where is the joy, the excitement, the FUN?' Cue for Nimmo's costume eyebrows to hit upper C. 'Christians don't shake hands,' he says too truthfully. 'Christians keep themselves to themselves. If I concede on the coffee, could we cancel the babies?' 'Who do you think you are, King Herod?' says Stephens, scoring a rare laugh off Nimmo's pads.

With its *Just William* plots, its notional alien punks set off against decent homely folks, this is a series one seems to watch from a half-beamed cottage in Hurstmonceaux, feet up on the pouffe, and, since one is a guest there, perhaps one should go easy on the entertainment offered.

Easily the best of the current popular stuff is the latest medical school romp out of *Doctor in the House*, **A Very Peculiar Practice** (BBC2). The one I caught opened with a fetching long shot of nuns raiding a dustbin and developed a complex pattern of sexual interaction and VD as a metaphor for inter-departmental power politics. Or was it vice versa? 'So we've got a bit of tool trouble?' says the James Robertson Justice character. A luscious professor of 'inter-disciplinary studies' is moved into position as the carrier: 'My instinct is that large-scale breakthroughs will happen along the interfaces of subjects.'

Much humour is provided by shame-faced or brazen confessions, but the Dirk Bogarde person is understanding. 'I'd like you to think of it as something like a throat infection.' Robertson Justice is more alarmist and calls on his staff's Falklands spirit. 'We are a task force. Our satisfaction will be the knowledge that we rose to the occasion when the chips were down.' The villain turns out to be the Dean of Studies.



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Worth a thousand words?

Robert Mason

The cartoon-illustrated Cuba for Beginners *spawned an entire new genre: an illustrator casts his eye over some of the latest progeny*

White's energetic Elvis (left) and Bostock's calm, if hatless, Macmillan

THE NEWEST TITLE in Writers and Readers' 'For Beginners' series — now published with Allen & Unwin — is **Elvis** (£3.95), written by Jill Pearlman and illustrated by Wayne White. The whole series is being re-packaged (and gradually de-politicised?) in a near fluorescent spectrum of colours, a far cry from the original subdued browns and no fun to sit opposite on the tube.

While this almost endearing marketing move looks faintly ridiculous when applied to Lenin or Marx, it suits the Presley opus rather well and finds a match in White's chaotic, post-punk images, which are energetic enough to provide a surprisingly apt equivalent to the early days of rock 'n' roll so obviously dear to Pearlman. Her text, while inevitably scratching the surface of the Presley legend, draws together strands from sources as diverse as Malcolm X and Bing Crosby and ties them into a reasonably authentic impression of The King's 'progress' through 20 increasingly bizarre years. If you can live with the sometimes gratingly cool journalese and a few overkill graphics, this book does its job efficiently and with flair, providing a basis for further exploration while managing to look as if it emanates from this decade. Which ought to be something one might expect of any similar series of 'documentary comic books'.

The three most recent 'Graphic Guides' from Camden Press, however, can claim only partial success in this respect. Of these **Space Wars** (£4.95), written by Martin Ince and illustrated by David Hine, is visually rooted firmly in the Seventies, or earlier — a definite minus given the subject. Whereas in the Elvis book Wayne White's switches of style and medium add to the energy of the writing (and, incidentally, show an awareness of recent developments in comic-strip art), Hine's assembly of cartoons, diagrams and science fiction clichés not only seem a decade old but intrude on the text when they should complement it. I found myself continually switching off from the informative if rather anodyne commentary to repel the latest visual space invader. Only two pages in 169 are free from stereotyped boffins and bug-eyed monsters amid uninviting galaxies of Letratone. What is it that makes me feel I'm being patronised here?

Ironically, it's good intentions that have created this problem. Philip Boys, the series editor of 'Graphic Guides', says that all illustrators in the series have a completely free hand — some texts even being re-tailored to fit the visuals more comfortably. While, as an illustrator, I can only applaud such an enlightened attitude, the overriding impression of *Space Wars* is that an editor should have intruded quite forcefully and frequently. Even older school students, who form part of the series' intended audience, would welcome interludes in the graphic onslaught, and the occasional double-spread of text would help rather than hinder Ince's argument.

Verbal continuity is also largely absent from Ed Harriman's **Thatcher** (Camden Press, £4.95) which is shot through with John Freeman's gutsy cartoons. Here the responsibility lies mainly with the author, who must surely have been an advertising copywriter at some point. As propaganda the text is fine, combining fact and invective in equal proportions, but, as literature, the insistence on a familiar, conversational mode soon becomes as irritating as it is in its natural habitat, the tube poster. One-line paragraphs comprising two-word sentences neither hold the concentration nor convince of the seriousness of their content. Not only you and I, but many British teenagers CAN READ. A tendency to over-simplify is obviously a potential trap inherent in this extended comic-book genre, but a compromise between confusing and patronising the audience shouldn't be as difficult as this book suggests.

John Freeman's Thatcher, teeth like tombstones, legs like saveloys and a nose growing from between permanently-raised eyebrows, is a fearsome phenomenon. More Coronation than Downing Street, she's only marginally less disgusting than the real thing. The drawings are so full of verve and persuasive detail (I particularly like the infantile, incapable Mark Thatcher) that it's easy to forgive such aesthetic details as might grate: an unvarying strength of line; a lack of tonal variety which makes some of the more complex images very difficult to read. Forget the details, enjoy the spleen.

Donald Woods's and Mike Bostock's **Apartheid** (Camden Press, £4.95) is, for me, the most successful integration of text and image reviewed here. While Woods's anger is clearly discernible, his experience as journalist and editor creates a narrative flow and an objectivity which convince more readily than gimmick or adspeak. His historical perspective on the subject lends all the more weight to his contemporary criticisms and the sober thoroughness of his writing is echoed in Bostock's simple and unsensational pictures. While obviously influenced by Sue Coe — easily the best political illustrator of recent generations — his pencil drawings are worked out in a calmer and less Expressionist manner; the best possess both power and dignity. This book manages to appear contemporary — and, therefore, convincing in its genre — by using a completely opposite approach to Pearlman and White's; one suspects that whereas their exciting but modish *Elvis* might seem decidedly dated in ten years time, the *Apartheid* guide will continue to convince — though probably, and hopefully, as an historical document only.

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POETRY

Booby-trapped

John Lucas

The New Oxford Book of Irish Verse
ed. THOMAS KINSELLA *Oxford* £12.50
The Faber Book of Contemporary Irish Poetry
ed. PAUL MULDOON *Faber* £10.95 & £5.95
Freehold and Other Poems
JOHN HEWITT *Blackstaff Press* £4.95
A Northern Spring
FRANK ORMSBY *Secker* £4.95
Breakfast in a Bright Room
ROBERT JOHNSTONE *Blackstaff Press* £3.95
The Walking Wounded
RORY BRENNAN *Dedalus* £4.95 & £3
Antarctica
DEREK MAHON *The Gallery Press* £6.60 & £3.60

ANY ANTHOLOGY of poetry will be contentious. Any anthology of Irish poetry is bound to be contentious in the extreme.

Aware of this problem, as how could they not be, Thomas Kinsella and Paul Muldoon employ very different editorial strategies to deal with it. Kinsella justifies his selection on the grounds that, whether his chosen poets are Irish- or English-speaking or both, they are conscious of a past which is, for all its complexities, 'a shared and painful history'. This seems to me vague and emollient and my doubts aren't lessened when I read Kinsella's statement that Seamus Heaney is remarkable for coping with this past 'clearly and dispassionately'. In a way Yeats didn't intend, this is surely to imply that the best lacks all conviction, that it can — and should — stand apart from its history. It also explains the weirdly unrepresentative selection of Heaney's poetry, the choice of poems by Swift and Goldsmith that have nothing to do with Ireland and the fact that Yeats is more or less denied his status as a political poet.

Much of the **New Oxford Book of Irish Verse** consists of translations made by Kinsella himself. Some of these are very striking and give a sense of how close early Irish poetry was to Nordic verse. 'The Hag of Béara', for example, feels very similar to one of Egil's great laments for lost youth:

> I am ebbing — but not like the sea.
> It is age drains my colour
> bringing me only grief,
> while the sea's glad tide will return.

But there is a difference: the Irish poem allows in the possibility of Christian consolation, and Christianity soaks into the heart of much of the poetry that follows. So does the nourishing vision of heroism in adversity, which is by no means always a Christian heroism but altogether more assertive, as in 'Mag Uidhir's Winter Campaign', which is also given in Mangan's version of 'O'Hussey's Ode to the Maguire'. It might be possible to think that Mangan's kind of Byronic posturing was the fare on which the heart grew brutal, but it is not a line of thought Kinsella encourages. Instead, his anthology tries to fold all Irish poets into a single party, with the result that the Oxford book feels to be a matter of directionless happenstance.

Paul Muldoon's **Faber Book of Contemporary Irish Poetry** seems at first glance even more directionless. There is no introduction, there are precious few notes. The blurb, however, refers us to 'unusually generous selections from the work of ten writers . . . the most consistently impressive Irish poets after Yeats'. This is presumably Muldoon's own view and, although he does not include himself in the anthology, the blurb refers to him as being 'widely regarded as the leading Irish poet of his generation'. The anthology begins with Patrick Kavanagh and ends with Medbh McGuckian. Richard Murphy, James Simmons and John Hewitt are missing. Muldoon prints as Prologue a discussion between F. R. Higgins and Louis MacNeice about whether modern poetry, and especially modern Irish poetry, can be pure, or whether it must take on the impurities of the world from which it comes. You can see the poems that make up the anthology as contributions to this debate. You can't fail to see how very good the best of modern Irish poetry is.

Freehold shows why Hewitt didn't make Muldoon's top ten. It is competent enough but the iambics and general sense of words falling dully into place suggest a kind of trundling verse machine:

> So love is mortal too; and finally,
> When memory's focus blurred, it left offence
> Of some vestigial curiosity
> Occluded by a vague indifference.

Frank Ormsby is also omitted from Muldoon's anthology and, again, one can see why. **A Northern Spring** is not without interest, being about the imagined experience and memories of a group of young American soldiers, billeted in Ulster, awaiting and then enduring D-Day and its aftermath. However, Ormsby does little more than provide the kind of notes and insights that would occur to anyone who spent some time wandering about this patch of Europe, thinking of how a continent was liberated by mid-Western farmboys: 'Baedeker never saw St-Mère-Eglise/The way we did.'

Robert Johnstone and Rory Brennan are too young to have been considered for either Kinsella's or Muldoon's anthologies. Some of Johnstone's poems in **Breakfast in a Bright Room** appear to be practising for a part in Paul Durcan's next book. Others edgily rehearse the tensions of living in contemporary Ireland, as, for example, in 'As If It Never Happened', which is about the common experience of getting into a car and the uncommon doubt as to whether this time it's booby-trapped. Still others offer a brittle-bright cynicism about love's decorums. ('In bed I hold back, prop myself up, lest/I crush the little pleasure from your breast.') It's a various, entertaining book, with much more going for it than I've the space to indicate. **The Walking Wounded** is far less assured, too solemn by half, often clumsily over-written. On the other hand it contains a few poems that feel as though they are the genuine article. 'The Old Razors', for example, with its wry sense of lives passing, of glimpsed visions persisting against time ('In a steamy mirror/I see my father scrape/A Siberia of whiteness/From his death-stubbly face.') I also like some of the sonnet sketches 'From A Greek Terrace'.

Finally, and all too briefly, homage to the incomparable Derek Mahon, at least three of whose poems in his new volume, **Antarctica**, ought to be in any future anthology of Irish poetry. Reading 'A Kensington Notebook', 'Typhonus' and 'Death and the Sun' (an elegy for Albert Camus) you wonder that such grace and intelligence can co-exist with so little seeming effort. Poetry of this order looks to be the perfect resolution of those differences pointed up in Higgins's debate with MacNeice. But this is merely a roundabout way of saying that, beside Mahon, most contemporary poetry seems beastly rough.

FICTION

Overkill

Richard Deveson

The Death of Moishe-Ganef
SIMON LOUVISH *Heinemann* £9.95

THE LAW of Levity, no less inexorable than the Law of Gravity, states that comic effect is in inverse relation to the degree of manifest striving. *The Death of Moishe-Ganef* is quite often quite funny, but Simon Louvish is surely trying too hard. He doesn't seem to be sure himself whether the contemporary condition of Israel, after the invasion of Lebanon and the Sabra and Chatilla massacres, is entirely the stuff of comedy. The result is a heavy over-compensation in anxious one-liners.

The book is a sort of thriller which takes Joe

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Dekel from the bedside of a corpse in Russell Square to a rather contrived socio-political cross-section of locations in Israel, the West Bank and points north. Half a lifetime ago, Joe played a very minor role in Israeli Intelligence. After 1967, occupation and the corruptions of power, he contracted doubts and became a 'café radical', unhopefully committed to an ideal of Israeli-Arab reconciliation. He's now a television critic, hooked on crime shlock, but his old cronies from Intelligence won't let him sit back. Several corpses later, he's been set up, arrested, kidnapped, bundled into urinous cells and flyblown hideouts, set free again, re-arrested, re-kidnapped, re-bundled, etc. It's an absurd plot, opaque with the usual bluffing, double-bluffing and triple-bluffing, and never quite making up its mind whether it's playing for laughs or pushing the familiar yet specious thesis that modern political reality is itself a state of absurd paranoiac fantasy.

The feeling that Simon Louvish doesn't fully believe in his own vehicle is confirmed when, from time to time, the joking and the plotting stop and he straightforwardly describes something: a Palestinian refugee camp near Nablus, young men lounging about, watermelon stalls, spikes of television aerials, dust. He doesn't actually find the invasion of Lebanon comic; it revolts him, as do the fanaticism of the Gush Emunim settlers and the incessant, tawdry, degrading propaganda songs and slogans in the Israeli media. These are the best parts of a book which could have afforded to be much more bitter than it is. □

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Mexico '66

(for my father)

Michael Hofmann

The scene is so wrong I've lost you from it,
but you were right there with us as we crept down to earth
from Mexico City, five of us cooped up, all present
and correct. The train stopped for a chicken,

or if the line was too crooked or too straight,
or for no reason at all. Three days . . . 'Earth' was El Paso,
a T-bone steak, the re-union with your purple Chevy,
marooned for weeks in the *al fresco* border carpark.

And then the empty highways of Arizona and New Mexico
in the impatient night, the neon more blue than white
— a soft, blinking, blissful violet, better than day —
and we made 'Frisco in the twinkling of an eye . . .

The city was building for its Olympics,
but surely it would never be ready. Without meat and water,
it was like America gone bad, America built on toxicity:
chili dogs, alcohol, sugar and chocolate.

You had to shave in treacly Coke or tequila!
A wave unpeeled a bill of skin from my back.
On the Pacific, on the golden sand, they turned
the turtles and slit them, still living from their shells.

Young men swallow-dived into shallows for a few dollars.
Madly, the *Estrella d'Oro* buses shot the hairpin bends
as though the cliffs silhouetted in the corrupt sunsets
were cut paper. Giddy and beside myself with nitrogen,

I acquiesced in all our deaths . . . I sorrowed
for the boy with the prophetic, Mexico-patterned pyjamas;
who haggled, a nervous *gringo*, for a Christmas balloon;
and built himself a future as a chicken farmer, counting

how many hens he might get from the three-day-old chicks,
egg-yolk yellow, dirt-cheap, milling about by the side of the road
in cardboard crates, cardboard coffins . . . And I mourned his father,
who had told him about import restrictions and fowl-pest.

FICTION

A bit on the side

Anne Smith

Sunflower
REBECCA WEST *Virago* £9.95

'FAME IS A powerful aphrodisiac' Graham Greene wrote, and Kissinger endorsed the opinion. This is Rebecca West's unfinished novel about that period of crisis in her personal life when she was getting H. G. Wells out of her system and simultaneously trying to come to terms with her failure to achieve marriage through a slight affair with Beaverbrook.

In an excellently succinct and informative afterword Victoria Glendinning reveals that Rebecca West was undergoing psychoanalysis as she was writing this novel. She needed to know what was '"the mental cause in me" that spoiled all her sexual relationships'. (Beaverbrook had been impotent with her). Glendinning offers the obvious solution: while power in men may be an aphrodisiac to women, the converse is rarely true. 'Her predicament was that of attractive, strong, achieving women the world over. Men admired and desired her, but did not want to spend their lives with someone who had star quality and who gave her own destiny the same significance as her husband's.'

That's not all of it, though. It doesn't answer the question of why someone of Rebecca West's powerful qualities should feel attracted to such men, so much older, so physically repellent. It doesn't answer the question, either, of why she should have set her sights on married men — sexual philanderers, yes, but

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ones the stability of whose marriages was obviously the necessary background to philandering. It also leaves open the question of how she could square it with her feminist conscience to try to take these men away from their wives. Youthful arrogance perhaps? Head-hunting? Oedipal problems for all concerned?

Sunflower does not begin to answer these questions, since West has chosen a dumb blonde to stand in for herself in this eternal pentangle, the dumbness being indicated by Sunflower's own references to it, by an endless lushness of simile and physical description — plants, furniture, people — and by the occasional wallow in a stereotyped 'female' mode of thought which West, one of the most acerbic critics, must have picked up from the novels she herself used to pan with such refreshing ruthlessness.

Sunflower fantasises about Francis Pitt, the Beaverbrook-substitute of the novel. She imagines him coming towards her in a canoe. In the prow he brings her 'a conquered beast; a slaughtered deer . . . She would have felt compunction that so lovely a thing should have died before its time had she not felt pride that he had killed it.' The dewy-eyed insensitivity of this might be convincing — thus might Marilyn Monroe have thought — but it is hard to believe that a woman who allows herself such thoughts would also be capable of producing this response to her lover's ready if insincere acceptance of her suggestion that they split up: 'He's thinking of replacing me with one of those political widows with pearl dog-collars who get both volumes of the dull books out of the Times Book Club at once.' Or '. . . he began to talk about adventures he had had in California when he first went out there as a boy, and that seemed to interest him.'

Of course it is just those lapses into wit and perception that make the book worth reading, and they are mercifully thick on the ground. It might also be worth it for those who like to gossip about the dead: the portaits of Wells and Beaverbrook come with a virtual guarantee of accuracy. Most particularly West's, and Sunflower's, efforts to analyse and show how a beautiful, sexually unaroused young woman cons herself into finding enough attraction in physically ugly and emotionally retarded old men to want to marry them is interesting, if somewhat embarrassing. □

Macho ado

Gregory Woods

Perverts in Paradise
JOAO S. TREVISAN *GMP* £5.95

GENERAL DE GAULLE said that Brazil was 'not a serious country'. He was wrong. Any nation whose Inquisition can refer to anal intercourse as 'to sleep carnally from behind' must have great reserves of gravity.

Trevisan calls his book 'an impressionistic (and sometimes sentimental) journey through the homoerotic intestines of Brazil'. Often constipated, it outlines the history of gay Brazilians from the Portuguese invasions to the present; it locates gay voices in modern Brazilian literature, drama, music and television; and it gives a personal account of the Brazilian gay movement in the Seventies.

With lavish misuse of the term 'ironic' Trevisan lists the routine contradictions in Brazil's dissolute Catholicism, its archaic Modernism, its sexually reactionary Left (described at one point as 'Machoist-Leninism') and its periodically effeminised virility. The Constitution and Penal Code have no anti-homosexual laws, but this has not stopped the police from invoking other laws to victimise the gay population (which reminds me of the great increase in prosecutions for homosexual offences in England and Wales after the 'legalisation' of male gay sex in 1967). Psychiatry, too, has been extensively used to legitimise the incarceration of Brazilian gays for unlimited periods.

Even Carnival, the supreme liberator from inhibition, is two-faced. While it coaxes the suppressed homoeroticism of *machismo* to express itself, it also allows gay men to hide behind its exuberant conventions. It both celebrates and smothers Brazil's gayness.

So this is not a particularly happy book. It expresses political disappointments which will be familiar to British readers: the realisation that, contrary to all logic, gay lifestyles are not automatically subversive; the Left's persistent suspicion that homosexuality is an affectation of Volvo-drivers; and so on. But there are times when Trevisan seems *too* depressed. In a daft closing paragraph, apropos of Aids, he speculates on the possibility that 'homosexual desire will survive'. Of course it will. And how.

Finally, I can forgive inelegant prose and shoddy proof-reading for a subject as interesting as this. But it is high time that gay men either included lesbian women in their books — if they really believe there is some kind of sensibility that homosexual women and men share — or stopped apologising for not doing so. No lesbian women I know was ever bought off with lame excuses. □

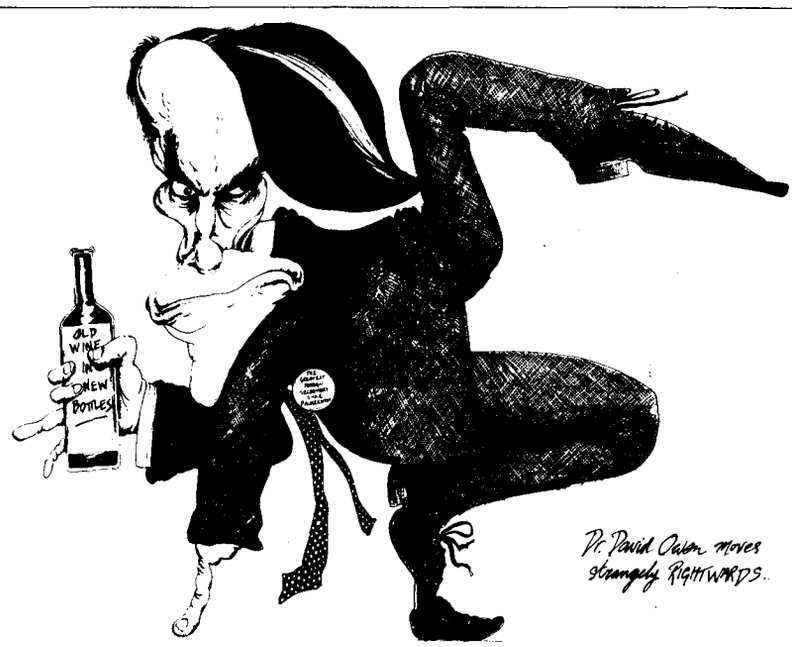

Illustration by Martin Rowson of *Scenes from the Lives of the Great Socialists* fame — yes, the *New Statesman* stables have nurtured yet another Red Rum — to Kevin Killane's splenetic ramblings on Thatcherism and Thatcher, *Lower than Vermin* (Arrow, £4.95), of which the least that can reasonably be said is that it is *never* fair and balanced

NEW FOUCAULT READINGS
Why did sexual experience in the West become a *moral* question?
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Burning passions

Diana Souhami

FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1938, Virginia Woolf's **Three Guineas** is now reissued (Hogarth Press, £3.95). It is a scathing indictment of warmongering and patriarchy and a staunch defence of women's rights. Written with immediacy, anger and wit, it has none of the circumspection of *A Room of One's Own*. In it, Woolf is extraordinarily and courageously rude. She attacks nepotism, the closed class system, the sophistry and hypocrisy of established men. She illustrates the book with grainy, captionless photographs of various pillars of society — a judge, a general, a bishop — all in full regalia of curly wigs and frocks and medals. They look quite barmy. 'Who can say,' she says of women, 'whether as time goes on we may not dress in military uniform, with gold lace on our breasts, swords at our sides and something like the old family coal scuttle on our heads.' Until that time she sees women as more venerable than men.

While she was writing, war stalked Europe — the game of the Führer, Duce, Tyrant, Father. 'The cat,' as she puts it 'is out of the bag. And it is a Tom.' Repeatedly she refers to the £300m. spent on arms annually by Britain with nothing for the education of women, and to the photographs of dead bodies and ruined houses coming weekly from Spain. The style of the book is epistolary. Her letters are addressed to a man — a little bald, a little grey, who works at the Bar, is prosperous, has been to public school and university, has had, as if they were his right, all the privileges denied to women. Fifty years on most of her polemic still applies and this reissue, with its informative introduction by Hermione Lee, is welcome. What's new, of course, is that the images of dead bodies and ruined houses now assault us daily rather than weekly and the millions on arms expenditure have become zillions.

No heat or passion inflame Rosemary Harris's **Prejudice and Tolerance in Ulster: a Study of Neighbours and 'Strangers' in a Border Community** (Manchester University Press, £8.50) — an anthropological study with all the restraints of scholarship. In 1952 Harris lived for ten months in Ballybeg, a dwindled Northern Irish community of about 300 people with no cinema or non-sectarian meeting place. She probes the sectarian attitudes of the Catholic and Protestant families living there. Both sides desire to live at peace with neighbours. There is a bedrock of ordinary goodness. But religious affiliation divides everything. 'It is inconceivable,' she says, 'that in Ballybeg there could be any case of mistaken sexual identity, but the embarrassment could not be greater than that caused by mistaken religious identity.' Schools, dances, pubs, football games are separate. Prejudice cannot be isolated from loyalty and custom. Her thesis is that this divided society needs not only analysis of political structures at the top, but understanding at the grass roots level too.

The game in Elizabeth Taylor's **A Game of Hide and Seek** (Virago, £3.50) is love. It eludes those who seek it. First published in 1951, the book now seems exceptional for its quality of writing, sharpness of description, insights and tone. Harriet's love for Vesey starts in childhood. They kiss in a wood one evening and everything to do with that moment etches into her mind. She becomes obsessed by him. Thereafter life goes on, but a part of her always waits for what should have been true with him. She does not, as the grown-ups would have us believe, grow out of it. Nor, for that matter, does he. 'You were always my beloved,' he tells her much later, 'but I didn't know what way to behave.' She meets a safe, reliable man. Their marriage is 'a frayed, tangled thing, made by two strangers.' They have a daughter. In middle age she and Vesey meet again. It is all still there, but too late. 'Everything she had once wept for, now offered, confused her.' The exhaustion of desire lasts a lifetime.

Parker, in Richard Stark's **Point Blank** (£2.95), is a repulsive character. He has a face like a chipped chunk of concrete and tells people You'll be dead in five if you don't do this. His criminal motive is profit, his touchstone efficiency and he does not, as he puts it, worry about emotion. Stark has written 16 Parker thrillers. This one, first published in 1962, is now in the Allison & Busby American Crime series. Parker's wife shoots him, then sets fire to him (she loves him really) and goes off with Mel, who is even more repulsive. Parker wants Mel's neck between his hands. Which are also made of concrete. The amorality of it all is idly enjoyable.

Gladys Mitchell is light years away from such mean streets. **Laurels are Poison** (£2.95), first published in 1942, is now in Hogarth Crime. It's set in a very English college for women. 'Stick 'em up,' says the villain behind a curtain. There's a lot of giggling and 'I says' and 'Old Trouts' and 'It's great to be in the thick of a murder'. There are boiled bodies, corpses in the river, empty graves and banshee wails and that rich, respectable, unbeatable sleuth, Mrs Beatrice Adela Lestrange Bradley.

Angela Hewins's **Mary after the Queen** (Oxford, £3.95) is a piece of oral history — spoken recollections of working-class life in Stratford-upon-Avon in the Thirties and Forties — a job at the brewery, face powder, high heels and Woodbines, hair lice and perms and O the taste of the chips. Highlights are a win on the pools and a daytrip to Blackpool. It is all cheerfully recounted with no hint of irony, or anger. □

From little acorns

Jane Thomas

THIS WEEK I AM off to the House of Lords for a party to celebrate the Silver Jubilee of a rather grand, nationwide organisation called the National Association for the Welfare of Children in Hospital*.

Earlier the same afternoon, six women will have met for a picnic on the grass slope below Henry Moore's famous statue in Battersea Park, dedicated to the courage of the women of London during the Blitz. I shall be one of them and some of us will be meeting for the first time in 25 years. We will be recreating the scene in the early Sixties when we met every afternoon on this spot, with our children playing around us, and discussed how best to run the fledgling pressure group we called Mother Care for Children in Hospital. (I felt sad when the second annual conference voted to change the name to NAWCH but comforted myself that it rhymed with TORCH and had fine visions of Olympic torches flaming the way ahead.)

'Mother Care' was born out of an article in the *Observer* by Dr James Robertson of the Tavistock Clinic. He described his research into the effects on young children of the then rigid system of hospital visiting and highlighted a government report by Sir Harry Platt and his committee which suggested that 'free visiting' of the under-fives by their mothers would do away with the traumas. 'Mothers In' was to become our watchword.

It seemed simple to put right what was so obviously an absurd system. All the Government had to do was to implement its own report. In my naiveté I wrote to James Robertson telling him exactly what he should do about the problem: form a pressure group with a three-pronged attack. From one approach, it should persuade the Government to implement its report; from the second, make parents aware of their young children's need of mothering when hospitalised; from the third, persuade the medical profession that a good deal would be achieved by admitting mothers to their children's wards.

Robertson was inundated by harrowing letters from mothers describing their experiences, which he later published in book form. And one bossy letter telling him what should be done, which came from me. It was what that dear, canny old Scot had been trawling for: someone free, energetic and enthusiastic who would build the lay arm of *his* campaign. And that's how a small group of women in their early twenties, newly married with their first children still in nappies, met as we pram-pushed every afternoon and hatched our plots.

How idealistic we were. Only one of us had had a child in hospital. We attempted to run the campaign as a collective — no chair, secretary or treasurer — long before Women's Liberation had taken off as a movement.

My generation, those who grew up in the years after the Labour victory of 1945, is sometimes dubbed 'The Lost Generation',

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fatally damaged by never having had it so good. It's true that three of the six of us are now divorced (only one remarried) and that a total of eight children have been brought up in one-parent families. But I don't think we were lost at all. It never occurred to any one of us that we would not succeed. We had seen and benefitted from the creation of the National Health Service, of which we were very proud. Our campaign was aimed at making *our* Health Service even better, more caring. We were 'Young Elizabethans' who never dreamt we could fail.

Nor did we. That embryo campaign that started on such an idealistic note — the idea of collectivity had, perhaps inevitably, to be abandoned as it grew into a nationwide institution — now has branches all over the country and abroad, run from a head office in London with a paid staff. One of our number, who stayed with the campaign from that day to this, has been awarded the MBE for her services: the ultimate British accolade denoting respectability. Social historians may later comment on the number of similar organisations that started around the same time, all organised by young women and all of them first encouraged and given publicity by Mary Stott's *Guardian* Women's page: among them AIMS, the Association for the Improvement of the Maternity Services, started by Sonia Willington; Belle Tutaev's Pre-School Playgroups Association; the Housewives' Register.

After 25 years of campaigning, there are still some pockets of resistance to 'Mothers In', but one of my proudest moments came when visiting a neighbour's child in the local hospital in the mid-Seventies. NAWCH had long passed from my hands to a series of impressive women chairs, one of whom is now one of the few women MPs in the House of Commons. On the door to the children's ward was a NAWCH poster. It read: 'Don't leave him [okay, we can't have everything]. He needs you.' □

**NAWCH, Argyle House, 29-31 Euston Rd, London NW1 2SD; tel: 01-833 2041.*

Weekend competition

No 2930 **Set by E. O. Parrott**

In Japan, workers begin the day with songs in praise of the firm. Wanted, similar songs for Barclays, Lonrho, News International, YTS, the *NS* etc. Deadline 10 July.

No 2927 **Set by George Cowley**

Suitable biblical quotations for use by prominent people.

Report **By Brother Love**

It filled my soul with joy to discover that readers of this magazine were so well versed in the sacred scriptures. How true it is that Jesus comes when all is dark. Yet should I really have been so surprised? For I believe that today we are witnessing a great spiritual realignment, between socialists and other Christians — a shared faith in the end of conflict, in unity, in peace and in the miracle of television . . . But back to the competition. Many are called, my children, but few are chosen (Matthew 22:14). You will all get your reward in heaven: meanwhile a plenary indulgence and £2 per quote to those below.

Neil Kinnock: If a man's hair is fallen off his head, he is bald; but he is clean. (Leviticus 13:40)
BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

Victoria Gillick: In sorrow thou shalt bring forth children. (Genesis 3:5)
CHRISTOPHER HALSALL

Sid Rawle ('leader' of the Convoy): Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no place. (Isaiah, 5:8)
FRANK PURCELL

The Queen: Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? (John 14:9)
W. S. BROWNLIE

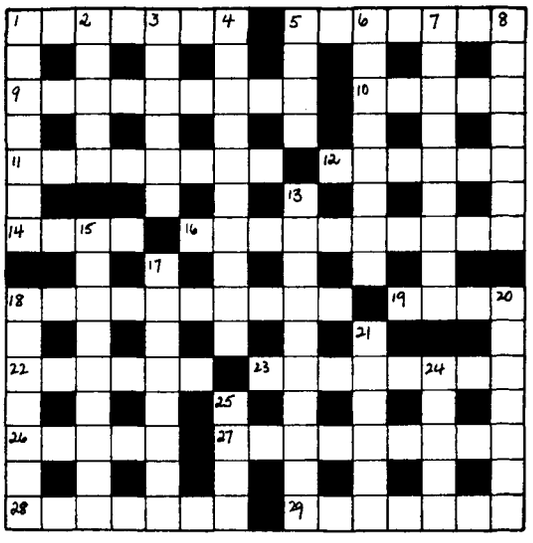
Robert Maxwell: In all labour there is profit. (Proverbs 14)

Lord Whitelaw: It is better to dwell in a corner of the housetop, than with a brawling woman in a wide house. (Proverbs 21)
NOEL PETTY

Norman Fowler: Arise, take up thy bed and walk. (Mark 2:9)
D. A. PRICE

Weekend Crossword 1523

PRIZE: £10 Book Token for the first correct solution opened. Entries to Crossword 1523, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU by first post 15 July.



Name_____

Address_____

_____

_____

ACROSS

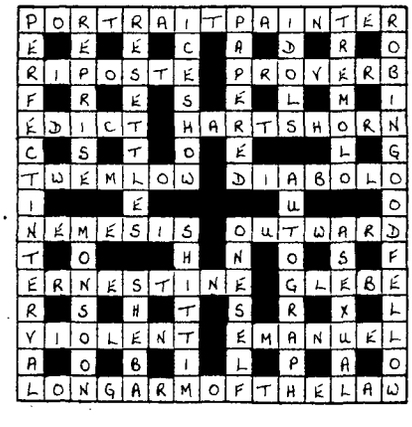
1. Tried to find food for the elderly (7)
5. Murderer without suitable leader (7)
9. Ship possibly rose after a month (9)
10. Send back a story about a century made in splendour (5)
11. It is seen in a field right beside a dappled grey donkey (8)
12. Grasp what is laid (6)
14. Fruit for Harry (4)
16. After a journey a woman enters an evil country house (10)
18. Features of the landscape which demonstrate gravity? (10)
19. Hits back to cause injury (4)
22. Be niggardly although one has a thousand in one's wallet (6)
23. Wrongly depose us for being married (8)
26. I count as angry (5)
27. Full of stories so can do tale with variations (9)
28. Parts of the car one obtains without question (7)
29. Main news? (7)

DOWN

1. Of iron virtue in matters of the thigh (7)
2. Sound identity (5)
3. Wind round gold in abundance (6)
4. Most wander freely towards the sea (10)
5. Port is what is put into the bottle (4)
6. Ibsen is not unrivalled (8)
7. Transferred tall men to the ground (9)
8. Scored and would still be famous if the honour were lost (7)
13. Youngster discovers signs of charity in a small coin (10)
15. Fabrics for home put up among friends (9)
17. Performance of play which is almost all Hacker (8)
18. There is dirt in a part of the building so cleaning is needed (7)
20. School where a backward boy is found among busy ones (7)
21. Penned and made ready for the envelope (6)
24. The evil one gets inside us at another's peril (5)
25. Go by and not make a call (4)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1521



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Please submit your application in writing, with the names and addresses of two referees, to: **The Secretary, The Labour Research Department, 78 Blackfriars Road, London SE1 8HF.**

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This is an equal opportunity post. We encourage applications from women and men from all sections of the community irrespective of their sex, race, ethnic origin, colour, sexual orientation, marital status, disability or religion.

Application forms may be obtained by writing on a postcard to Maureen Underwood, National Union of Public Employees, 20 Grand Depot Road, London SE18 6SF, to whom they should be returned by **18 July 1986.**

OV SELECTION have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345. N49.34

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MALE (55) has responsible, fulfilling job, but thin social life. Would like to meet stable, caring woman, aged 40-55, living anywhere Londdn or South. Box (26)3269. N26.17

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ONGAR, ESSEX: Phil. 30, Amnesty International, craftsman, anti-sexist, rifleman, cat lover, Guardian reader, folky, tall-clean-scruff, seeks female, any race. Photo please. Thanks for your time. Box (25)3215. N25.35

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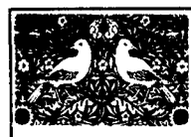

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MEETINGS

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Elaine Hobby speaks on 17th C. Women's Writing. 7.30 pm at the White Swan, New Row, WC2.

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SAT 12 JULY

DEMOCRATIC VERSUS MONETARIST ECONOMICS, Conference, Polytechnic of North London Theatre, Holloway Rd., London N7. Plenary speakers include Stuart Holland MP, Mike Cooley, Sheila Rowbotham. £7.00 (£2.00 *unwaged/low paid*). Details, CAITS, Polytechnic of North London, Holloway Rd., London N7. tel. 01-607 7079

TUES 15 JULY

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COULDN'T EQUAL THE PAIN OF GETTING MY HAIR CAUGHT IN THE DECKCHAIR

CHESS

KARPOV'S form in the Bugojno super tournament must have shortened the odds against his recapturing the world title. Yugoslavia's main event always has a classy field, but Bugojno 1986 was a particularly strong double-rounder. Final scores (out of 14 games): 1. Karpov 8½; 2-3. Ljubojevic & Sokolov 7½; 4-5. Portisch & Spassky 7; 6. Yusupov 6½; 7. Miles 6; 8. Timman 5½. No joy for the Western Europeans, with Tony Miles falling away badly in the second half and Jan Timman gaining rare experience in the role of tournament bunny. Sokolov proved his solidity with 13 draws plus the one full point that Karpov conceded, when the ex-champion defended the Black side of a Lopez too passively.

In the battle of ex-champions Spassky seemed to err on the side of over-activity:

Karpov-Spassky, Bugojno 1986. Ruy Lopez.
1. e4 e5 2. Nf3 Nc6 3. Bb5 g6 4. c3 a6 5. Ba4 d6 6. d4 Bd7 7. 0-0 Bg7 8. Re1 Nge7 9. Be3 0-0 10. Nbd2 Qe8 11. Bb3 b6 Rather mysterious. Perhaps there were some variations in which he didn't want Be3-c5 to happen. **12. dxe5 dxe5 13. Nc4 Kh8 14. Qc1 Bg4 15. Ng5 h6 16. h3 Bd7 17. Nf3 Kh7 18. a4 f5!?** Provoking complications that are not clearly bad for Black, in spite of the final result. **19. exf5 gxf5 20. Ncxe5!? Nxe5 21. Nxe5 Bxe5 22. Bxh6 Bd6** 22 . . . Bg7 obviously loses to 23. Bxg7 Kxg7 24. Qg5+, but 22 . . . Bf6 and 22 . . . Ng6 are alternatives. **23. Qg5 Qg6 24. Rxe7 + Bxe7 25. Qxe7 + Kxh6 26. Qxd7** Karpov now has Bishop + 2 Pawns v Rook, an appropriate material balance. In view of his King's exposure Spassky should exchange Queens if he can, so the critical line is 26 . . . Qd6 27. Rd1 Qxd7 28. Rxd7 Rad8 29. Rxc7 Rf6 30. Bc4 Rd1+ 31. Kh2 Rd2. **f4?** This only serves to increase the scope of White's Bishop. **27. Qxc7 Rae8 28. Rd1 Rf6 29. Kh2 a5 30. Rd4 Ref8 31. Rd7 Rc6 32. Qe5 Qf6 33. Qd5 Rc5 34. Qe4 1-0.** 34 . . . Rf5 runs into 35. Bc2 and 34 . . . Qg6 loses to 35. Qe7.

Karpov has always been a monergy campaigner, operating on the minimum effort required to take the top prize. In spite of the efficiency of his method it detracts from his image, if not his stature. One feels that the truly great player should be afflicted with the sort of extravagant genius that made Fischer believe he could win every game. This is exactly the feat that Nigel Short achieved in the Joshua Tetley British Open Quickplay in Leeds on 14-15 June, where he registered a perfect 11/11 score. A result like that is slightly less miraculous in speed chess (in this instance ½ hour per player for the whole game) than at normal rates. But, with the likes of Hebden, Hodgson, Chandler and Plaskett in the field, it was a massively impressive performance.

My mail this week was enlivened by a copy of *Kingpin*, a new quarterly chess magazine. Its rather coarse satirical manner may not appeal to everyone — just the majority of us who enjoy sharp games and low humour. I particularly liked *Kingpin*'s extension of Hartston's culinary classification of chess styles to the important 'Boil-in-the-Bag School', whose devotees 'specialise in serving up ready-made recipes from *ECO* and *Informator*'. The following prime example of this genre was then given, though I spare you the scoffing annotations:

Young-Green, North Circular League 1985. French Defence.
1. e4 e6 2. d4 d5 3. Nd2 Nf6 4. e5 Nfd7 5. f4 c5 6. c3 Nc6 7. Ndf3 Qb6 8. Ne2 f6 9. g3 cxd4 10. cxd4 fxe5 11 fxe5 Bb4 + 12. Bd2? 0-0 13. Bg2 Ndxe5! 14. dxe5 Nxe5 15. Ned4 Nd3 + 16. Ke2 Nxb2 17. Qb3 Qa6 + 18. Kf2 Bxd2 19. Qxb2 Qd3! 20. Rhd1 The point is that this is all just theory, derived from Hamman-Uhlmann, Halle 1963, which ended: 20. Rad1 Qe3+ 21. Kf1 b6 22. Qxd2 Ba6+ 23. Ne2 Rxf3+ 24. Bxf3 Qxf3+ 25. Kg1 Bxe2 26. Re1 Bd3 0-1. **Qe3 + 21. Kf1 Bc3 22. Qb3 b6 23. Rab1 Ba6 + 24. Nb5 Bxb5 + 25. Qxb5 Rxf3 + 0-1.**

Speaking for myself, and probably for other French defenders, I would have been happy to dish this out, but unfortunately I have been unable to find any palatable way of dealing with **12. Nc3!**. John Watson, in the Pergamon book *Play the French*, suggests **12 . . . 0-0 13. Bf4 g5!? 14. Nxg5 Qxd4,** but I fear Black has only cooked his own goose after **15. Qxd4 Nxd4 16. 0-0-0.**

Any inquiries about *Kingpin* should be addressed to 10 Derwent Gardens, Ilford, Essex IG4 5NA.

George Botterill

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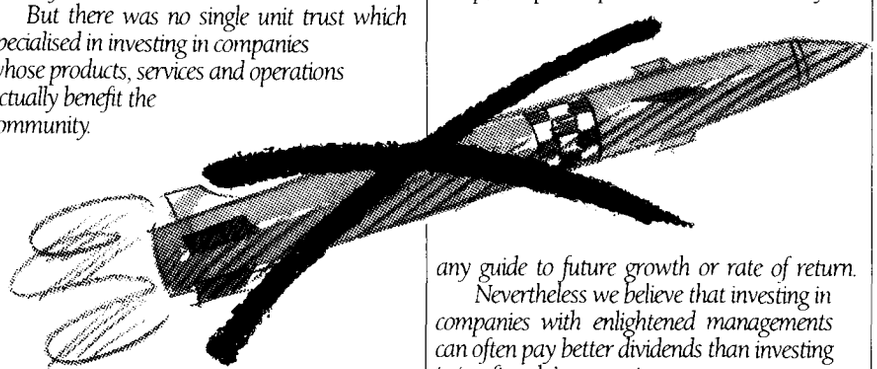

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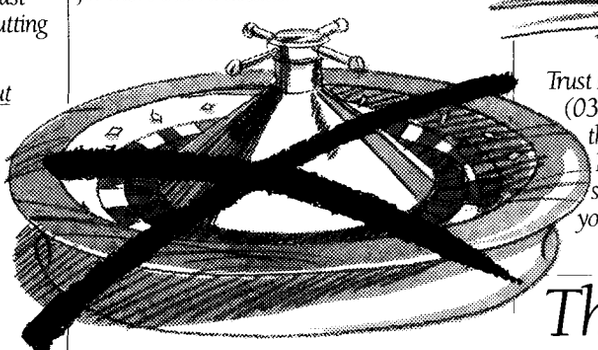

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